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FOLLOWERS OF THE TRAIL

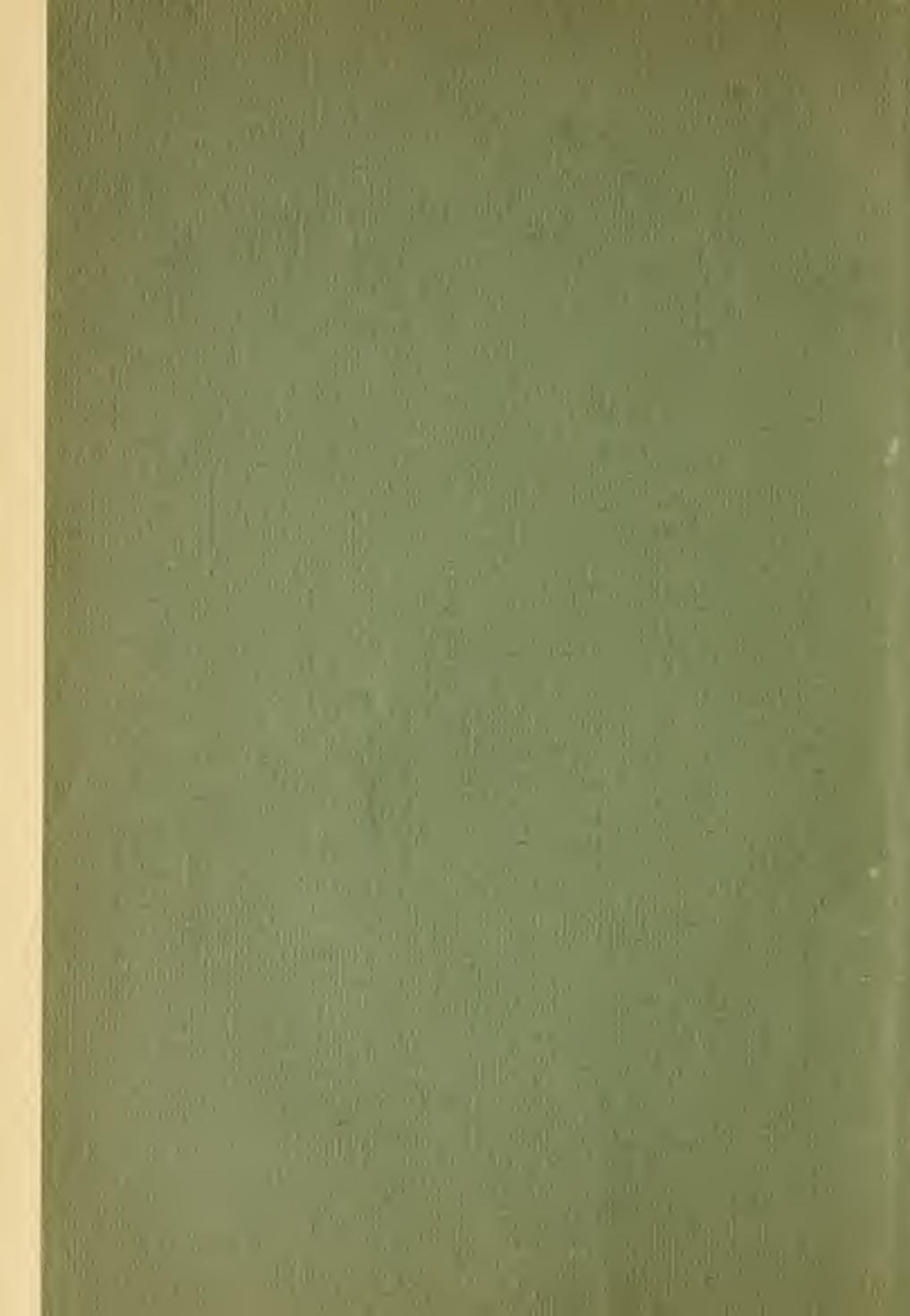
BY SARAH LOWRIE

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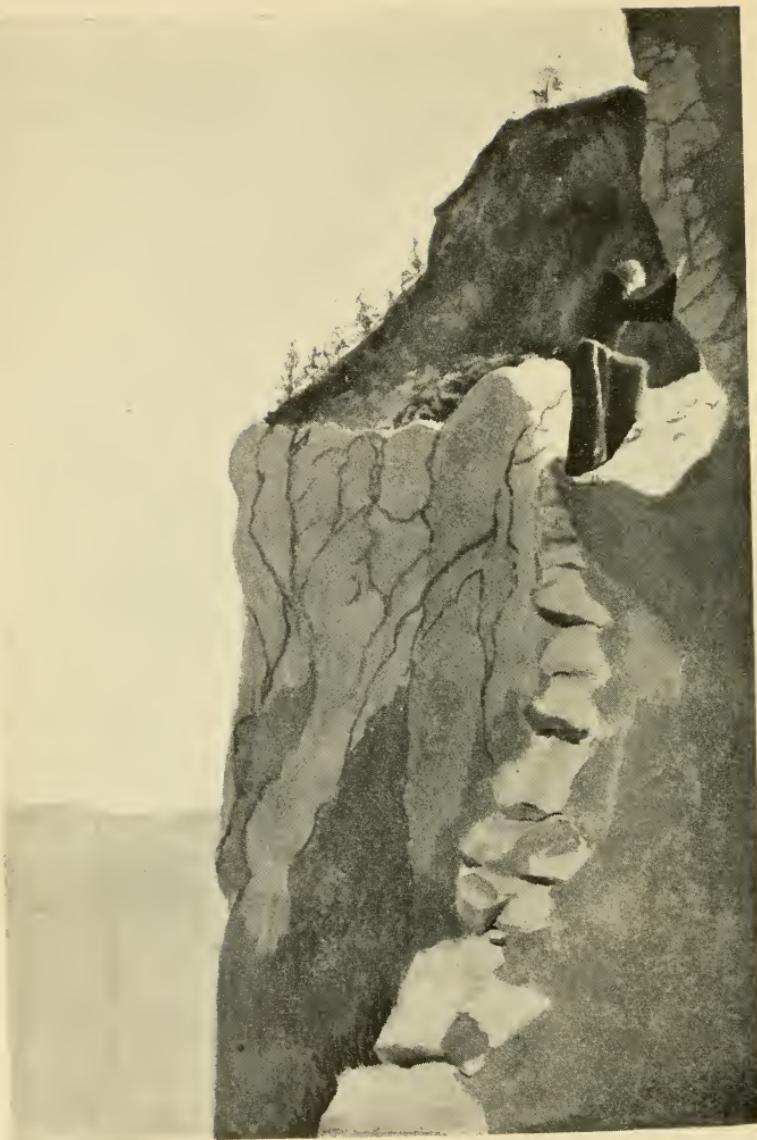
I have a bit of advice for teachers and leaders of study classes or mission bands who may use this book:—

Remember these stories are part of the history of our country. They are not part fact or part fiction, but all fact. Use a map for every story. Make the boys or girls read the stories before the meeting and have them tell the tales at the meeting in their own words. Use the notes in fine print as additional sidelights on the men and events described in the stories, but do not read them aloud as part of the story. Make your own class scrap-books of each of the Trails; railroad maps and booklets, picture postcards and current articles about dry farming, irrigation, the fruit crop, advertisements of Mission houses and Mission furniture, etc., will be found helpful.

Parts of these stories, such as the "Lament of the Nez Percés," "The Burial of Father Marquette," and the "Coming to Acoma of Juan Rimirez" could be committed to memory by various members of your classes and recited with good dramatic effect.

Four types of missionaries have been given in the four stories of the Trails: (1) the Pastoral type, (2) the Explorer type, (3) the Administrative type, and (4) the Citizen type; place the accent on these differences in your teaching.

We all know that very little reading outside the study class meetings is possible for young people. What they get in the way of information or inspiration must come in the class, I have not therefore suggested many books for boys and girls outside this short book of tales, nor do I bother you with a complete list of the books—some wise, some otherwise—that I have waded through in order to tell these tales. If, however, you read Lummis' "Spanish Pioneers," a book on the early history of New Mexico, and Helen Hunt Jackson's "The Early Missions of California," and Parkman on "The Mission Fathers of Canada," and Grace King on the "French Settlers on the Lower Mississippi and New Orleans," and if you read Noah Brook's "First Across the Continent," and Parkman's "Oregon Trail," and "The Story of Marcus Whitman," by J. G. Craighead, you will find much that I have had to leave out.



BY D. N. STEWART

THE PATH OF THE PADRE

A Round Robin
to the
Junior Auxiliary

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Followers of the Trail

THE DESERT TRAIL

THE RIVER TRAIL

THE MOUNTAIN TRAIL

THE TRAIL OF THE HAPPY HUNTING GROUNDS

By Sarah Lowrie

"

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TO THE MEMBERS OF THE
FIRST CHAPTER IN PHILADELPHIA
OF THE ST. PAUL'S BROTHERHOOD
THESE STORIES OF THE WAY
ARE DEDICATED

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FOREWORD

SIDE by side with the gleaming rails of the Santa Fé tracks, in the strange, mysterious deserts of Arizona and New Mexico, you may catch glimpses now and again of the half obliterated road marks of the old Santa Fé Trail.

For nearly three hundred years this path over the terrible and alluring wilderness has been trod by white men, but no one can guess for how many centuries before the Spanish explorers first discovered it, how many generations of Red Men, Zuni, Apache, and Moki, Pueblos, cliff-dwellers and cave-dwellers, had passed that way before them. But from the first solitary wanderer who dared the unspeakable dangers of the enchanted desert, to the last cow-puncher who loped carelessly through the sage-bush and over the sand dunes that half hid the tracks of yesterday, no one I think who ever travelled that trail has been an ordinary, commonplace person, such as one would expect to meet jogging along most roads that you and I are familiar with.

From first to last, the men who have taken that old Santa Fé Trail, warriors, explorers, hunters, missionaries, ranchmen, fugitives, or even the railroad builders, have had one characteristic in common—they have all been adventurers. And one may be sure that not even the boldest, most dare-devil of them but had a fixed desire to gain some treasure from the heart of that silent and awful land—success, fame, riches, knowledge, safety, or perhaps only forgetfulness, that would in some measure recompense him for the dangers of the path.

For, in spite of its strange and unearthly beauty, death lurks silent and unappeasable on every side of that trail. Behind wonderful floating mirages of refreshing lakes and shaded

rivers that never have been and never will be, are veritable springs of water that to taste is death, and bottomless pits of quicksand with a sham skimming of soil; cañons in which an unwary traveller may wander like a caged beast, the sheer walls rising a thousand feet on either side to imprison him; while more dangerous than all is the open foe of all travellers, a sun that at mid-day is terrific in its fierce intensity.

And what is true of the old Santa Fé trail was once true of many another ancient trail, leading across rivers and mountains and forests into the heart of this great country. Most roads were once trails, and most trails were once dangerous for white men to follow. And those were great adventurers, famous or forgotten, who crossed the seas, endured hardships, suffered privations, and died a hundred deaths, to gain this land that you and I now speak of so serenely as "ours."

THE DESERT TRAIL

WHEN the sun of New Mexico sinks low in the western sky its level shafts turn the cliffs of the desert blood red. On either side of the trail the great mesas seem to float towards one like huge vermillion islands, across a shimmering blue-veiled sea. They rise forbidding and terrible in that unearthly glare—sheer cliffs hundreds of feet high, crowned by terraced and buttressed fortifications, whether carved there by the winds of God, or built there by the hands of men, no stranger in that land can tell on first seeing them.

In the year 1598, in the month of December, a Spanish soldier astride a gaunt horse, and followed by a stocky little hound, rode through this land of waste and desolation. He had been journeying towards the Spanish settlement of San Gabriel but had left the well-used trail, which follows the Rio Grande north out of Mexico to what is now Santa Fé, and struck westward across the Desert towards the Sky City of the Quéres—Acoma, as it is called to-day. This was in the year when Philip II of Spain died and left Spain and the Americas to his son Philip III. It was also the year when Don Juan Oñate, first governor of New Mexico by the grace of these two Philips, made treaties with the Seven Cities of Cimbola (literally, The Bulls, or Buffalos), and with the chiefs of the Quéres at Acoma, and with the other Pueblo cities of the Desert. Under which treaties by sacred signs they made themselves subject to the Great King beyond the seas, this same Philip III of Spain.

It was well for his horse that Captain Gaspar Perez de Villagran was young, and therefore of a light and wiry physique, otherwise the steel jacket and headpiece, the water gourd and the bag of rations which hung across the saddle bow, might

have taxed the tired animal's carrying power past endurance. As it was he stumbled often and made rather poor work of crossing the flinty gullies down which the trail led now and again. Nevertheless Gaspar urged him forward with a firm hand on the quirt when the going was anyway fair.

There were two reasons why the Captain could not well spare his beast: first, they were passing through a very dangerous country, infested by prowling bands of Apaches; second, if by dint of pressing on they could reach the Indian puebla of Acoma before nightfall, all anxiety would be at an end. For the young Spaniard had had news at the last friendly puebla on the Rio Grande that John Zaldivar, with thirty men or so, was encamped beneath the cliffs of the Sky City. Zaldivar was not only *Maestro di campo* to his Lordship the Governor of New Mexico, Juan Oñate, but he was also companion-in-arms to Gaspar Perez, hence the Captain's haste to join him.

In his impatience to be with Zaldivar he had hurried up the river ahead of his escort and arrived at the friendly puebla of Puaray, south of the East and West Forks, unattended except by his little hound. From these friendly Pueblos he learned that much had happened since he had left San Gabriel on his errand for Don Oñate into Mexico. The Governor had made a visit of state not only to the town of Puaray, but had boldly sought the hospitality of the proud chiefs of the Sky City itself, the guarded fortress town of Acoma, about which such strange stories had been told before even the days of Coronado. The men of Puaray assured Captain Perez that the Great Pale Face had dared to accept the invitation of the chief men of the Quéres, had climbed the stone ladders of Acoma in full armor at the head of his Spanish escort, and had stood even on the most sacred place of all, the terraced roof of the *Estufa* (the Council chamber). He had moreover been graciously invited to enter this holy of holies of the Quéres, and had as graciously refused.

Over this refusal the men of Puaray seemed to pause significantly, but to Gaspar Perez their pause at the time meant nothing. They told him how on the following day Don Oñate and his Spaniards had ridden westward on their beasts of terror—for horses were then very dragons for the fear they inspired—towards Zuni. Then, following him down the river from San Gabriel, had come that other great Pale Face with still more men of iron carrying thunder weapons. These too had struck across the Desert towards Acoma and must be even now encamped beneath its cliffs.

Perez recognized de Zaldivar by the description which the Indians gave of this second leader, and it fitted well with all he knew of his friend's temperament that he should have made the detour to Acoma on his way to join Don Oñate at Zuni. For all the tales concerning the ancient city agreed in the tradition that its secret chambers were piled high with treasures of turquoise and emeralds, gold and silver. Now John Zaldivar had come to New Mexico for such things, and he was not one to pass by so ripe an opportunity as the sight of the treasure of Acoma. And though he himself had no particular craving for gold, or even for emeralds and turquoise, Gaspar Perez had felt all his weariness depart when he thought of the brave adventure his friend must even then be having beneath the mysterious cliffs guarding the Sky Fortress. Turning his horse westward, therefore, the next day he followed Zaldivar's trail over the Desert.

To-day that journey would be lonely enough, but three hundred years ago it was unspeakably lonely and very dangerous. On this particular afternoon, even though Perez believed it to be now drawing to an end, he found to his chagrin that both the loneliness and the danger were beginning to tell on his nerves. The least suspicion of delay, or any confusion in the trail, sent a sudden qualm of despair over his spirits. Three times during the day a curious alertness on the part of his hound had keyed

his senses to the stretching point. Yet he knew enough of Indian treachery to comprehend that if he were being trailed by hidden foes his only safety lay in riding straight on, without any apparent care or watchfulness. Ride straight on he did, therefore, humming a tune as he rode, admiring the mirage that was turning the desert for the hour into a shimmering inland lake which ever threatened to engulf him and which ever receded before his eyes. Last but not least he let his mind dwell with much enthusiasm upon the surprise he was about to give his dear friend, John Zaldivar. He even found leisure from his misgivings to compose a score or so of lines to add to his third canto in the great epic poem he was writing concerning his adventures in the New World. For Gaspar Perez de Villagran was not only a brave soldier but a poet also, as the six little vellum volumes of his works prove to this day. That this cultivated young officer and the hard-headed Zaldivar should have hit it off so well was a matter of comment. However, though John Zaldivar was neither a scholar nor a poet and looked upon the world as a place to loot and then spend in, he was a good fighter, a square dealer with his men, and a faithful servant of his King. Hence more than young Captain Villagran adored him.

When the back of a hound bristles, and his toes widen apart like a crouching cat's, and there is fear as well as menace in his voice, it is well to look behind as well as before one, and to the right and to the left. Captain Gaspar Perez rose in his stirrups and scanned his surroundings. Whether he saw anything to warrant the hound's anxiety it would have been hard to tell from his face. And yet it was to be observed that Villagran, while allowing the horse to resume his own way with a loose bridle, quietly and deftly loosened his padded cuirasse from the saddle bow and buckled it round his body. He also drew under his brimmed hat his steel head-piece and drew up his sword belt so that his short sword hung ready at his hand. He had no



BY D. N. STEWART
A FOLLOWER OF THE TRAIL

"thunder weapons," as the Indians called firearms. The short and clumsy arquebuse of that period took too long in the loading, and required such ceremony in the firing as to be almost more of a danger to its owner than a defence, especially at close quarters. Hence Perez had travelled from Mexico for all these days armed only by his sword, and the dagger with which he defended his sword arm. Although by this time he must have been convinced that he was being trailed, he had still a sanguine hope that he would sup that night with John Zaldivar, for the great bulk of Acoma loomed nearer and nearer, its summits gleaming like burnished copper in the afterglow of the sunset. The jagged hills surrounding the narrow valley which held the great Rock were now all that blocked his path. Not two hundred yards away he could see the opening to the defile leading across this barrier. As his horse stumbled over the first downward grade of the defile itself, Perez ceased his humming altogether, and, tightening the reins, urged the animal forward at a gallop. Five minutes more and the camp-fires of Zaldivar must gleam out of the gathering dusk, unless—.

Just then horse and rider and hurrying hound rounded the last jutty of the defile, and the valley in which the mesa of Acoma rises lay before them. The Indians of Puaray had minutely described the great Rock and its surroundings to him, and Perez perceived at a glance that they had not lied. They had told him that the camping ground of the Pale Faces lay under a shelving cliff of the mesa, facing the entrance to the valley. This, they warned him, was the only safe encampment because it was protected from an attack from the town, and commanded the two entrances to the valley, from the east and from the north. Here then John Zaldivar and his thirty men and his horses should be. For the shelving cliff was there, a perfect camping spot, the black and charred remains of camp-fires were there, and a rough corral constructed of loose stones, about which Perez

could discern the hoof-marks of many horses; but neither the horses nor the *Maestro di Campo* nor his Spaniards remained.

Plainly Acoma would afford neither Gaspar Perez, nor his horse, nor his hound a safe shelter that night. Yet to retrace his steps through the narrow defile where the crouching, threatening figures were gathering like shadows in the dusk, invited nothing but death. He glanced with quick eye along the northern side of the cleared space. The hound, whining and excited, was nosing the sand and the rocks some forty yards ahead, where the cup-like rim of the valley was nicked by the opening of a trail scarcely wide enough for a man on foot. The trail dipped abruptly downwards into a seemingly bottomless gulch. Steep as it was, however, and narrow, someone whom the dog knew and would fain follow had ridden that way not many hours since.

Perez was not one to linger with such a leading. The broken neck which it threatened was more than preferable to the certain death which was closing down upon him from behind and before. With a sudden lash to his horse, and a bend of his body far down over his saddle bow, he drove the frightened beast straight at the low barrier, and swung him through the broken rim of rocks down the shelving, crumbling trail. He was none too soon. From the crevices of the rocks and the terraced roofs of the town came cries of execration, and the long blood-curdling war-whoop of warriors keen for murder. Possibly they had counted too surely upon his falling into the trap of seeking his companions on the other side of the mesa; probably too the men who had trailed him were waiting some signal from the chiefs who watched from the ramparts, to fall upon their solitary victim. Even now they must have counted upon surrounding him at the bottom of the narrow cañon down which his horse was carrying him with such reckless force. But even running, leaping Indians were no match for that wild and frightened animal, and if neither Gaspar Perez nor his horse knew one yard of that terrible trail,

nor could so much as guess the exit from the cañon in the gathering dusk, the hound was hot on a scent that he knew, and Perez, thanking Heaven for such guidance, followed swift on his dog's lead.

When night fell the cries of his pursuers were faint and intermittent in the distance. He whistled softly to the eager hound and drew his horse to a standstill. It was plain that the poor beast would die in his tracks if he were pushed further without a rest. Under the starlight Perez prepared the meal of which all three must partake, man, dog and horse, and divided the contents of the gourd of water. There was just enough in the gourd to wash out his horse's mouth, and to wash down the jerked meat and the corn-meal which hound and master shared. Then with his weapons ready at hand, and his dog mounting guard at his feet, Gaspar Perez said his prayers and fell asleep. "It will take a miracle to protect us when the darkness is gone. And may Heaven grant it," was his last thought as he stretched his tired body on the sand.

And, as matters stood, the danger in which he rested was hardly lessened, only postponed by the darkness. By dawn's light the swarming Quéres could easily trace his whereabouts by the hoof-marks on the sand. And his worn-out animal could scarcely endure such another flight. Nevertheless Gaspar Perez slept soundly hour after hour, so worn was he. And the dawn found him still sleeping. But the miracle had happened. The ground about his resting place, the low shrubs, and broken stones, all the trail by which he had ridden, were white and hidden under an unbroken covering of snow.

Days later some Spaniards belonging to the escort of Don Oñate stumbled across an apparently dying white man lying in the shelter of some cliffs a few feet from the trail that leads past Il Moro (The Castle) on the way to Zuni. He was not recognized by his rescuers, and he could not speak, for his black-

ened tongue, hard and rasped, protruded from his ghastly lips when he tried vainly to articulate. They carried him to their camp, and there skillfully nursed the poor half-crazed man back to life. When a man is dying of thirst, dying of hunger, and beside himself with the long tortures of the desert, he is easily killed by the mere kind eagerness of his rescuers. When he was himself again and could talk, Perez could give no very clear account of the days which had followed that one of his escape from Acoma. While the snow still covered the trail he had been free from danger of pursuit, but he was likewise without a guide in his endeavor to follow his comrades. He rode at haphazard and depended for his general direction on the sun; presently his horse had floundered into a pit—an Indian animal trap without doubt—and crashing to the bottom had killed himself by breaking his neck. Perez, himself, had barely escaped from the pit after repeated efforts. What remained of the rations lay under the twisted body of his horse. His hound had leaped upon him in transports of joy as he struggled out of the death trap, but neither master nor dog had anything to eat that day or the next, and when the sun had melted the last vestiges of the snow even in the crevices of the rocks, they had nothing to drink.

It was here that Perez paused in his broken tale and could not continue it. But the soldiers who had listened with rough pity to his snatches of talk during his delirium knew what the sorrow was which pressed upon his heart, and one of them closing his own big hand over Perez's fevered one, said gently: "It was right that the hound should give his life for the most noble Señor. And who but the noble Señor would take a dog's life so mercifully!"

And so they passed over in sad silence the death of the faithful little hound, whose life-blood had enabled the tortured man to struggle on for two days more across the cruel desert.

The tale which his rescuers had to tell Gaspar was ghast-

lier yet and had no fortunate ending. For John Zaldivar and eleven of his men were dead. The *Maestro di Campo* and sixteen of his little force of thirty had followed Oñate's example and accepted the invitations of the Chief Men of the Quéres. They too had mounted the steep ladders of Acoma. In an unwonted moment of prudence, however, Zaldivar had left a guard stationed at the encampment to protect the horses. From what these men could learn afterwards from the three survivors of that fatal visit to the Sky City, the Quéres had shown themselves so friendly and anxious to please the Pale Faces that, once up in the strange and far-famed fortress city, Zaldivar and his followers forgot all customary precautions and allowed themselves to be separated. The Commander, bent upon discovering at least the resting place of the much-talked-of treasure store, had accepted the Chief's invitation to enter the Estufa. Whether he was killed in that dark chamber, or met his death trying to escape to its terraced roof, no one knows, but the fall of his dead and mutilated body from that roof into the street was the signal for a general attack upon the scattered Spaniards.

It was a dreadful and unequal combat. Yet as each grim fighter reeled in his last death stroke he fell on the naked bodies of many Indians that had paid dearly for their treachery to the Pale Faces. Five Spaniards attacked from three sides had been driven nearer and nearer the edge of the cliff, and at last seeing death in one form or another seemingly inevitable, they had gone hurtling backward over the sheer sides into the desert below.

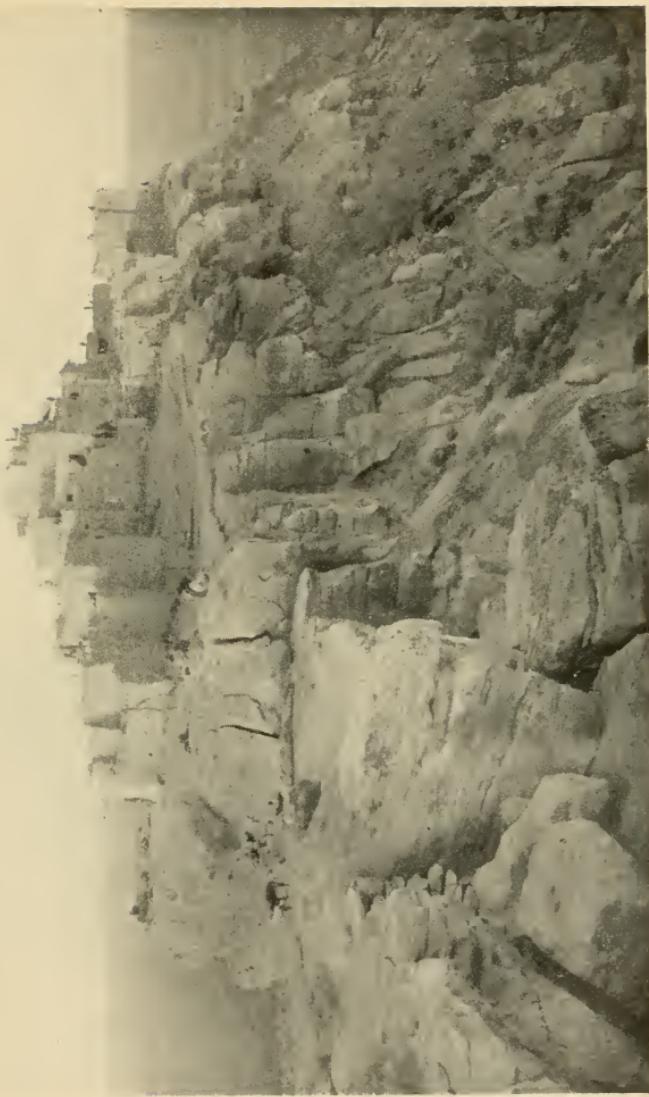
Yet from this terrific fall of at least one hundred and fifty feet, three of the Spaniards survived. The drifts of sand at the rock's base somehow saved their lives. For four days the guard, and these three who remained, rested in fear of attack in their encampment beneath the overhanging cliff, while the Quéres above them celebrated their victory with wild orgies and terrific uproar. In the early dawn of the fifth day the Span-

iards had stolen out of the valley, leading their horses down the breakneck trail, Perez had followed so soon afterwards. With all speed they had then pressed forward to Zuni to warn the Governor lest among the other Pueblo towns he enter a like trap and meet a like fate.

In a few days Oñate had gathered all his outlying men, and now that Perez was once more able to mount on horseback the little group of a hundred men or so set their stern faces northward in the direction of the Rio Grande. There were over thirty thousand Pueblos in the walled cities that they passed, who but waited a signal to rise and exterminate every Pale Face,—man, woman or child,—who came within reach. That they would not wait long Don Oñate and his men knew well. It was only a question of days,—soon it would be only one of hours.

The only hope of saving the Spanish colony and the women and children at San Gabriel was to strike first. Acoma must be made to pay before the eyes of all the waiting towns for her treachery to the Pale Faces. Yet to besiege that Rock the Spaniards needed the cannon and the ammunition which lay in the little fort at San Gabriel, as well as more firearms and more food and fodder. From Zuni to San Gabriel (which last is not far from what is now Albuquerque) even by a direct trail is not an easy trip. The Spaniards rode like the wind. By New Year's Day they had reached their fortified settlement.

Hence it came about that on the twelfth of January, 1599, Vicenti de Zaldivar, the brother of the murdered John, with Captain Perez de Villagran and some seventy soldiers, both arquebusiers (carriers of flintlocks) and piquiers (lancers carrying swords), with one small cannon of the howitzer type called a *pedrero*, rode down the Rio Grande to where the river forks, and struck across the desert to the great Rock of the Quéres. Acoma was to be summoned to give up her treacherous chiefs. If her people refused,—and there was every reason to fear they would howl



THE MOQUI VILLAGE OF HUALPI FIRST MESA, ARIZONA

with derision at the idea, since they were three hundred warriors strong, with one hundred Navajo braves at their call as allies,—if they refused, there would be nothing for it but to take Acoma by assault, or perish in the attempt. Every man who knew Indians and their way of regarding mercy or long-suffering as signs of weakness and fear, knew that unless the blow were swiftly given to Acoma, and successfully brought to bear upon the men most guilty, there could be no hope of peace with any of the Pueblos for at least a generation.

The men of Acoma gave the Spaniards no uncertain welcome. They crowded the ramparts and hurled down jeering words of defiance, and stones, and whirling, flint-headed arrows. Not until Vincenti and his men had reached the encampment under the shelving rock were they free from the danger of the deadly hail.

In accordance with the stately custom of Spain a herald had summoned the Pueblos to give up their guilty chiefs. Whether or no they heard him in the uproar of their own defiance it would be difficult to know, but as they showed small signs of humbling themselves to the messengers of the King of Spain, Vincenti de Zaldivar at the head of some thirty arquebusiers led a sortie against the north wall of the Rock, at its lowest side. Again and again during that long afternoon his attack failed, and both men and horses suffered disastrously. Still with imperturbable coolness, and as it seemed unbelievable folly, he persisted until he had the whole strength of the garrison concentrated against him. Then again and again he led his men up the slippery ladders in what seemed an effort to take the town by sheer bravado.

But while this brave man held the attention of all the fighting men upon himself, twelve picked soldiers under Perez were silently and unobserved making their dangerous way to the southern summit of the mesa, dragging and hauling their little

howitzer with them from dizzy ledge to dizzy ledge, by means of ropes brought for this very purpose. The southern end of the mesa was higher than the rest of the flat table-like rock, and a cannon once dragged up its sheer sides would command the entire town. But dividing this over-hanging extremity of rock from the rest of the summit was a deep and unbridged abyss with sides so sheer as to allow of no approach to its edges from below. For this reason it was left to defend itself by the warriors of Acoma. For in a warfare of arrows no enemy could dare to hold it, or daring could long survive.

The sun was setting when the little cannon was in position, and its roar as it threw its first stone ball into the very center of the town was as welcome a signal to the Spaniards attacking the untakeable north wall as it was an unwelcome surprise to the warriors defending it. Zaldivar had now accomplished his purpose and could withdraw his worn-out and wounded men to the safe shelter of the encampment. Their business for the next twenty-four hours would be to guard the horses under the over-hanging cliff, and to rest. But for their leader there was no rest; it was then or never. He and de Villagran worked to carry the great plan into effect till the blood literally ran down their fingers. Bands of men felt their perilous way along the ledges to the jagged rock's summit where the little cannon stood. Below among the clefts of the hills guarding the valley Vincenti guided other soldiers who cut down the dwarf trees clinging to the edges, and spliced them into a tree bridge. In the darkness of the night this too was drawn to the heights at the south end of the mesa, Zaldivar leading the way. The Indians watching from their roofs could see the little moving cluster of men growing bigger and bigger under the starlight, but the secret of the tree bridge was all unguessed by them, until suddenly in the first red glow of dawn the giant tree was lifted by a dozen eager hands and hurled into position across the chasm. No sooner was it

in place than a dozen Spaniards, one by one in rapid succession, had rushed across its swaying length to guard its further end from attack, while their leader Zaldivar rallied his men to follow and take the unguarded south end of the town by quick assault.

It was in this brief pause that the terrible mishap occurred which no one could have foreseen. The soldier nearest the bridge, who was guarding its edge on the Acoma side, took hold of the rope attached to it and gave it a tug in order to shift the butt of the tree into firmer position on the rock's edge. He either pulled too hard, or the bridge was not securely enough fastened to the other side, for it slipped from the ledge and hung suspended over the yawning chasm. The soldier was so panic-struck by what he had done, and so confused by orders shouted to him from a dozen throats, that before any one could prevent him he had dragged the swaying tree clear over to his side of the precipice and thrown it some distance from the edge. The watchful Indians, quicker to see the result of this mistake than the Spaniards, flung themselves upon the twelve men on their side of the Rock and in a moment the little guard was fighting for existence.

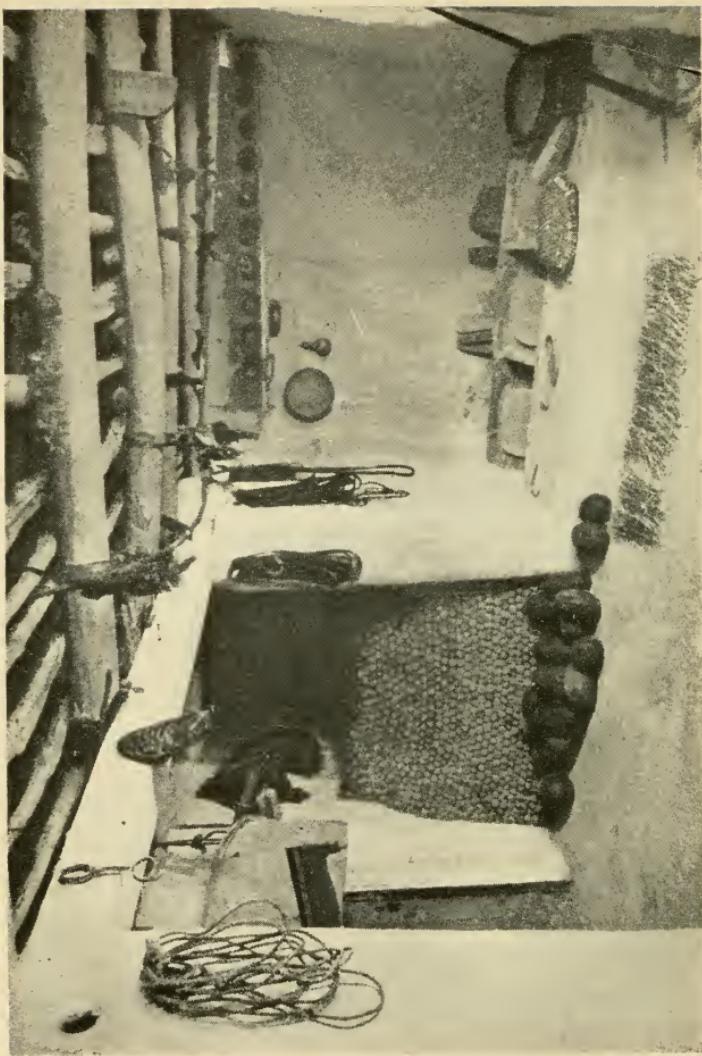
The catastrophe had fallen so suddenly, and the loss of that single, slender bridge had so frustrated all his hope of attack, that Zaldivar stood white and stricken with horror. He could not even order the men about him to fire upon the struggling mass swaying nearer and nearer to the edge of the cliff. The twelve Spaniards and the clinging savages would have gone down together, from a charge of musketry. Without the bridge, too, the position of so large a majority of his entire fighting force on the slender foot-hold of the jagged peak was dangerous to the point of ruin.

He glanced backward for a moment in his rage and despair, half-minded to order a retreat, when his eyes suddenly caught the face of Gaspar Perez, and something in the dawning purpose

in that face made him pause. "Only a miracle can save them!" he groaned. "Yes, only a miracle!" came the voice of Perez through the cries and execrations of the helpless men about him. And as the words left his mouth Gaspar Perez unbuckled his cuirass and loosened the thongs binding his heavier clothes. In a minute he was free of encumbrances and nearly as light as God had made him. Flinging his sheathed sword at the feet of his bewildered men he suddenly flashed a smile of affection and farewell to them. "Pray for the miracle," he cried, and sprang through the groaning crowd, pushing them one and another from his path with a heavy hand. At the top of the slight declivity leading down to the chasm's edge he held back for the breath of a second measuring the gaping abyss from brim to brim. Then with a rush he bounded down the rocks, held himself poised for the leap, took it with the impetuosity of a pursued stag,—and cleared the gulf.

Friend and foe were alike paralyzed. No one moved either to deter or to help him. But Perez never paused. Dragging the bridge to the edge of the cliff, he lifted it endwise and flung it across. A dozen men sprang to catch the branches as the tree descended and in another moment it was secure. This time no one waited for a command, but each as he could reach the first foot-hold of the bridge hastened across its perilous length. The Indians gave way before such an onslaught and fled to their protected houses.

For two days and two nights the storming of Acoma lasted. The little cannon did valiant work. One great adobe house after another—some of sixty to seventy rooms in extent—crumbled before its well-placed shots, smothering countless women and children beneath their ruins. For the Quéres refused summons after summons to capitulate. Not until their own braves and their Navajo allies were dead and their city a smoking ruin, did



INTERIOR OF HOUSE OF ISLETA PUEBLO

"The red peppers are also a very pretty adjunct to such a place as this"

they yield. Then the old men of the city—all that were left of its defenders—condescended to sue for peace.

Vincenti de Zaldivar granted it immediately, thankful to be through with the bloody business. His men were most of them wounded, some desperately. Many of them carried the scars of that fight to their dying day, but not one of the chiefs who had taken part in the murder of the Spanish soldiers of John Zaldivar's band lived to pay his reckoning to the Spanish Governor. Most of the guilty leaders had perished in the two days' fight; those who had survived flung themselves over the cliff before the capitulation.

Thus did Acoma and her people pay dearly for breaking faith with the Pale Faces. The other towns of the Southwest, the Seven Cities of Cimboa, and the Moki Confederacy, took the lesson to heart and concluded to keep the solemn promises they had made to those who had power to punish even the City of the Sky.

What remains of this tale is soon told.

The years passed,—ten, twenty, twenty-five. Don Juan Oñate had long ceased to be Governor of Spain's possessions in the North. But the colony begun by him at San Gabriel and then transferred to Sante Fé, spread and multiplied. In the Indian cities along the Rio Grande, from El Paso to Santa Fé, as well as the towns of Cimboa, and from Zuni to the Moki pueblos, Spanish missionaries had settled and taught the Indians how to live in peace with their neighbors and pray to the Great Father.

Before the Pilgrim Fathers landed on Plymouth Rock there were eleven churches built in the towns of the Southwest by the Indians under the guidance of their friends and teachers the missionaries. Some of those churches are used to-day by the descendants of those same Pueblos, and they are little altered by the changes and chances of three hundred years.

Yet there are some people who say that the West has no history.

With Don Oñate's departure from the North many of the brave followers of the trail who had been his friends departed also. Vincenti de Zaldivar and the poet soldier, Gaspar de Villagran, went their ways in search of other adventures. Twenty-five years later few remained.

The sights and sounds of those three days' struggle at Acoma had left scars on the hearts of those who survived the fight as well as scars on the bodies. Concentrated hate and sullen fear of the Pale Faces had bitten deep into the memories of the Quéres of the Rock. No white man since that day dared venture near the valley unless he were protected by Spanish soldiers, and no Mission Brother had found the courage or the faith to approach the fatal, ill-omened town.

Therefore in the year 1629, when it was known throughout the length and breadth of Santa Fé that the gentle monk Fray Juan Ramirez had volunteered for the dangerous mission, and had refused a military escort from the Governor, or even so much as an Indian muleteer from the Superior of his convent, but had set forth on foot down the long Trail to Acoma, alone and with only his crucifix for protection,—those who knew him gave him up for dead.

After many, many days, beset by dangers before and behind, but believing all things, hoping all things, and therefore enduring all things with a serene heart, Juan Ramirez, the Mission Brother, entered the rocky defile which had proved the Gateway of Death to so many of his race.

His coming was not unheralded. As with Gaspar de Villagran so many years before, scouts had trailed him for many and many a mile. And now they and the guards of the Rock were waiting to destroy him. His whole journey had been one long prayer, so that at its end when death faced him he did not pause to pray. The miracle which must save his life, so that he could

do God's will in Acoma, must come from Heaven. His duty was to go forward to meet it.

Without hurry,—though the flint-head arrows were falling in all directions about him, one piercing his worn robe,—he crossed the entrance to the valley and approached the stone ladder cut into the shelving cliff. With a cry of rage the people above pressed to the heights overlooking that side of the Rock and aimed their missiles at the quiet gray figure. Then for a moment by a turn of the steps he was hid from their sight.

Straining to get the first view of him when he should emerge on the next platform the crowd howled derision and hate, heaping the stones at their feet ready for the last deadly onslaught. Even the women and children had left their houses and pressed near the perilous edge to see the Pale Face hurled to his destruction. One of these children, a little girl, too young to comprehend what the cries and struggling meant, grew suddenly alarmed by the black looks on the faces about her. She had pushed nearly to the brink of the precipice and, backing suddenly to free herself, stepped off the edge.

A terrible cry rose from those nearest the spot, and the whole mass of human beings swayed backward in horror. Her little body had rolled down the shelving rock, over and over, and in an instant was lost to sight. There were jagged rocks nearly four hundred feet below waiting to receive her.

Climbing steadily upward the monk heard the shout and recognized the note of horror in the cries. Then suddenly he beheld a little brown bundle of whirling arms and legs drop over the cliff above his head and fall with a little thud on a ledge of rock, heaped with drifting sand, that jutted out some four feet or so over the next drop of hundreds of feet. Before the little girl could even catch her breath to cry, Juan had her in his arms and was comforting her. She was hardly scratched, and nestled into the hollow of his shoulder quite soothed and

unafraid. Lost in wonder over the miracle of her escape, he mounted upward talking to her as he went. It was thus the people of Acoma saw him as he climbed the last steep steps and stood before them at the gate-way of the town.

To them, as to him, it was a miracle. And they received him as a messenger sent from the Great Ones. He lived among them for twenty years, teaching them the love of God. The children learned to read and to write and to say their catechism at his knees; he was their physician and ministered to the sick with many simple arts learned from the monks in his boyhood. To the men and women of the town he was a father. With enormous labor they built a church where the blood of the Pale Faces had once stained their streets. It was dedicated to God, the Holy Catholic Church and to the good Saint Joseph. And San José it is called to this day.

When Father Juan Ramirez died, in the year 1664, his people of Acoma were the most civilized and the gentlest and the most Christian of all the Pueblos of the Southwest. To-day the six hundred Quéres of that old, old town still gather upon their terraced roofs and hold quietly aloof from the white men who pass that way from time to time. But they are a gentle people, industrious and peaceable.

In their ancient church hangs a crumbling picture of San José, given them centuries ago by a king of Spain.

Except for this token of an allegiance that their forefathers learned with such bloodshed to comprehend, they must have long forgotten Spain and her conquest, but of Juan Ramirez, who conquered them by great love, there remains a faint though beautiful memory. And the stone steps by which he first entered Acoma are still called by them "The Path of the Father."



MOQUI VILLAGE STREET, ARIZONA

NOTES ON THE DESERT TRAIL

In the wildernesses of the Southwest of our country, the wilderness called The Painted Desert, the Mojave Desert, and The Colorado, there are wonders as exciting as the wonders in the heart of Africa, and more thrilling than even Sinbad met on his voyages; petrified forests; giant cañons; acres of scattered agates; deserted cities on all but inaccessible mesas; caves beneath whose rock floors subterranean rivers chafe and fret their dark channels; towering prehistoric houses of stone, empty and beast-haunted now, but with their hundreds and hundreds of chambers unchanged since their owners left them, centuries before Columbus and his followers were born; rivers of fire that have blackened into rock, and extinct volcanoes in whose hollow shells forgotten tribes of red men have lived and died. And more interesting even than these past wonders are the histories of the ancient Indian pueblos, that are as thriving and full of life to-day as they were when the Desert Adventurers first beheld them. In these strange walled towns the Indians still live their busy, peaceful lives, in the same terraced houses that their forefathers used when they watched from their ladder stairways the coming of the Spaniards across the desert three hundred years ago. Their own forefathers, unknown centuries before that, had watched the marauding bands of savages, looking out from even more lofty perchess. For in the ancient days they had been wont to build their houses where eagles build nests, on the edges of sheer cliffs, and to climb home from the day's farming where even a mountain sheep could scarcely find a footing.

The great Southwest of our Country is also a land of knightly adventures. In the days of the Field of the Cloth of Gold brave men in armour were riding across this land in search of cities of gold. The adventures of the monk Marcos de Niza, and of Cabeza de Vaca, and the coming of Coronada were all before the year 1545. Sometimes, too, we forget those other heroes of that Desert country, the missionaries. Nearly every great stone church of the fifty that they built before 1676 in our land had at least one martyr, for those were cruel days, and the Indians learned the lesson of gentleness slowly and with many lapses. But that they did learn it, the 10,000 Pueblos dwelling peacefully in their ancient towns in this Twentieth Century prove.

If you read the books of Charles Lummis, who is an authority upon the history and lives of these extraordinary people, for he lived a neighbor to the

Hopis for many a year in the little Pueblo of Isleta, not far from the Rio Grande, you will get a better picture in your mind's eye of what the Desert Adventurers found when they passed that way than I can give, who only saw—and passed by.

In two books which are worth reading: *The Spanish Pioneers*, and, *Some Strange Corners of Our Country* (*Lummis*), I found the story of Acoma, Other books that are worth while are: *My Adventures in Zuni* (*Cushing*), Arizona and New Mexico (*Bancroft*).

THE RIVER TRAIL

LA PORTAGE, as they call it in the Canada woods,—*the carry*,—as it is translated across the border in the Adirondacks,—is the narrow strip of forest land and rapids that divide one lake of a chain from another. For in a day's journey one may paddle a canoe through a dozen of these lonely waterways of the wilderness, as smoothly and as silently as things move in dreams, but at the end of each lake is *la portage*, across which one must help to *carry* the canoe.

France has left scores of names such as this to stand guard for generations over her lost possessions in America: Louisiana, New Orleans, Duluth, St. Louis, Detroit, Vincennes, Dubuque, St. Paul, Marquette, Joliet and many more. It is with the last two names that this tale has to do.

When Louis de Baud, Count de Frontenac, was Governor of Canada, he desired above all things to find favor with that most exacting, yet rewarding of masters, Louis XIV of France. He and Talon, the French Intendent, gravely planned together in the governor's fortress at Quebec how they might make the streets of Paris, and above all the corridors of Versailles, ring with the fame of New France, and of her Governor, and her Intendent. Finally they hit upon an idea. Not by any means a new one, but still it had never lost its glamor, and there was always the possibility that sooner or later the man who pursued it would reach his heart's desire.

Since the days of Columbus, and before, men had set out to find a short-cut across the world to India; a waterway, by which the king who controlled it might monopolize the trade of the world. Spain had hunted in vain for the great inland sea. The

trails of her adventurers only led through deserts and across great mountain ranges to the Pacific.

Of late England also had been on the hunt; her sailors had scoured the coasts for a great river crossing the land from East to West. They had found many great harbors, and some rivers, but no waterway to the distant Pacific nearer than that round the Horn.

To the Count de Frontenac and to Talon the chances that France would prove the lucky hunter seemed twenty to one. Already a great waterway, the St. Lawrence River, led into five gigantic lakes which stretched unnumbered leagues into the West. These great Lakes were all known to be navigable. The hunters and trappers and fur merchants, and above all the missionaries, who had sailed to the utmost limits of the inland seas, all brought back the same tale—of a mighty river, the Father of All Waters, the Mississippi, as the awe-struck Indians called it, which was said to spring from the centre of the earth and flow in great yellow floods to the farther seas.

No white man had yet seen the river, though La Salle had found some of its tributaries and guessed its nearness. It never occurred to him, or to any one else, that it could lead anywhere except to the Pacific. Here then was the opportunity for the glory, both for France and for themselves, that Frontenac and Talon desired so eagerly.

But for various reasons they did not choose the already famous adventurer, La Salle, to carry out their ambitions, but hit upon a lesser, and at the same time a richer man than Sieur de La Salle,—one Louis Joliet.

Joliet was a fur merchant of some note. Before becoming a merchant he had been a trader with the Indians. He knew them, and he knew the land and water between Montreal and Green Bay, better than most Frenchmen. But before he had been either a trader or a merchant he had been a Jesuit, and was still connected with the Order.

Immediately upon accepting the appointment of the Governor to head the expedition to the unknown west he sought out the Superior of the Canada missionaries to ask his advice. According to the economical ways of that century, the explorers always bore the expenses of their arduous journeys, whilst the lands they discovered and a good deal of the glory, went to the king. Since Joliet had the honor of being chosen to make the great discovery, it was he who was expected to pay the price.

He wished to travel as lightly as possible therefore, and what he asked of his Superior was advice concerning a guide and interpreter. The others of the party would be Indians to paddle the canoes. This interpreter would be his sole white companion.

It would be a long and dangerous journey, involving fearful risks from hostile Indians along unknown ways. Joliet felt that the choice of companion might mean life or death for him. But the Superior did not hesitate a moment, "Your man", said he "is Père Jacques Marquette. And you will find him at his new mission on the Lake of the Hurons at Mackilmacinac." But Joliet being a cautious man wished more definite information concerning this priest Marquette, and you may be sure that he got it, for the Jesuit Order was a great Order in those days, and knew its men.

These, or something like them, were the facts concerning Pere Marquette which the heads of the Canada Mission gave to Louis Joliet: Jacques Marquette was born in the town of Laon in the North country of France in 1637. As his family was as ancient in origin as the town itself, it was necessary for one of the sons to marry, in order to carry on the name and estate, but, having brothers to perform that duty, it was possible for Jacques Marquette to become a priest in the Order of the Jesuits. He had joined the great Jesuit Mission at Quebec in the year 1668, and had been sent directly to the most westerly mission settlement among the Hurons at Point St. Esprit on Lake Superior. That journey

of itself was a lesson in wood craft and in Indian craft. The long days in the canoes, with only Indians about him; the noon and night rests in the forest; the wild game, the rapids, the Indian lore, the very dangers themselves, all taught him lessons not to be learned elsewhere.

Once settled at Point St. Esprit he began his second course of schooling. He learned to talk not only the language of his special flock, the Hurons, but also the tongues of the Ottawas, the Sioux, Pottawattames, Foxes, Menomonies (Rice Eaters) and of the Illinois, who all came to those shores, some from great distances, to trade their furs for fish. While he learned he taught, and being a single-hearted man, very direct, very gentle and entirely fearless, he soon gained a great hold over his people.

The Illinois interested him more than any of the others, they were more ready to accept Christianity than the Hurons or the Ottawas, and they were more civilized. They had come too from a greater distance and told Marquette many strange things about the countries and tribes through which they had passed, and they spoke always of the mighty River. It was a dream of his that some day he should journey back with them and plant a mission on its banks.

Suddenly they ceased to return year by year to fish in the lakes. It was too poor, eager Marquette as though the River had swallowed them up. Two years passed and they did not come. It was at this time, too, that owing to a shifting of the Hurons from Lake Superior to Lake Huron, Marquette was directed by his Superior to follow them, and it was at Pointe St. Ignace, across the narrows at Machilimacina, that one day late in the year 1671, Louis Joliet found the busy missionary overseeing the completion of his new mission.

When the fur trader showed the priest his appointment from the Superior to accompany the dangerous expedition into the unknown west in search of the Great River, Marquette was

speechless with joy. His great dream was to be fulfilled. He asked nothing better of Heaven than to carry the Faith into that undiscovered country. For the next two months, while he was instructing the missioner who was to succeed him, he completed the building at Pointe St. Ignace. Then with a care-free mind he set himself to prepare for the journey. He chose five Indians from among his Hurons upon whom he could rely, and set others to making two birch canoes. Under their supervision the boats were fitted out with stores of corn and jerked meat, and the few other bare necessities for a long trip. Meanwhile he and Joliet made a map of the country which they hoped to penetrate, the details of which were based upon the reports of Indians and upon the hear-say of white traders and the woodsmen who had skirted the region on their hunting trips. A curious map it must have been. Any child could draw a better one to-day, no doubt.

It was on the seventeenth of May, 1672, that Joliet and Père Marquette and their Indian servants set out from Pointe St. Ignace on Lake Huron, and guided their canoes due south into Lake Michigan. Their course there lay along the north end of the lake to the village of the Rice-Eating Indians, the Menomonies. Marquette was welcomed with great celebrations by his friends of that tribe; but when they heard what he had left Pointe St. Ignace to seek in the wilderness, they did everything in their power to detain him. For they regarded the expedition as certain death for the seven men. They assured the two Pale-faces that, not only were the inhabitants of the shores of the Great River ferocious and implacable toward all strangers, but the river itself contained frightful monsters which would overwhelm their frail canoes, and devour them. They told of a certain whirlpool in the great flood where a demon lurked, who bellowed night and day; and of an abyss into which the river disappeared, and swallowed up all who ventured near, with cries of wrath and pain. Lastly, they warned Marquette

that, should he escape all these terrors, the sun would destroy him with the levelled spears of his deadly heat. Marquette, in return for all this friendly zeal, taught his friends, the Menomonies, a prayer against all evil, seen and unseen; and, explaining somewhat of the mystery of Jesus Christ, bade them a serene farewell, and with his six companions resumed the journey southward to the Lake, known now as Winnebago.

After adventures, some of a happy, some of a dangerous kind, they reached the southern end of Green Bay, and on the seventh of June entered the chief town of the Miami tribe, a place that has figured much in the travellers' tales of these days because of its civilized appearance, and because of the superiority of its inhabitants and their king. Marquette was enraptured to find a cross set up in the midst of the town. The Miamis venerated it as the Great Manitou of the French, and they had hung deerskins, red girdles and war weapons on its outstretched arms. Like St. Paul at Athens, the eager Father used this as a text to tell his listeners the story of the "Unknown God" whom they thus ignorantly worshipped; and, like the Athenians, the Indians listened with but half attention. The "new thing" which was diverting their thought was the daring of the Pale-faces in venturing into the dreadful boundaries of the Great River.

The Miami chief prevailed upon the travellers to accept the services of two of his men as guides through the long, canal-like waters at the end of Fox River; and well for them that he did, for the lagoons twisted in and out of the meadows of wild rice in a way to confuse any canoer who had not got the clue to the right channel by long practice. There was a mile and a half only of portage between these headwaters of Lake Michigan and the headwaters of the Wisconsin River, yet one flowed into the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the other into the Gulf of Mexico. Thus, on the tenth day of June, the Frenchmen launched their little canoes on the stream that knows no rest for over a thousand miles.



MARQUETTE ON THE MISSISSIPPI

Day after day they glided down a peaceful river, passing lovely islands and broad prairies, and forests festooned with wild grape. Night after night they drew their canoes upon some protected shore, lit their campfires, ate their pleasant meals of fresh trout or venison, and slept peacefully under the stars. So far there was no sign of danger from man or Nature; but on the seventeenth of June the alert ears of the Indians who paddled caught the roar of rapids to the south, and presently their little boats were tossing like leaves on the wild and tumbling waters of the Mississippi, where it clove the stream of the Wisconsin almost at right angles, and swept that stream and the seven brave men floating on its bosom in a strong embrace into the Unknown.

From that hour the travellers advanced with a sharp lookout on either shore for enemies, and for dangers ahead. They slept in their canoes at night, anchoring them out of arrow-shot of the banks; and they divided the night into watches, during which one waked while the others slept. On the twenty-fifth of June they made out a well-worn trail along the right bank, and, after a consultation, decided to risk following it. The Indians remained with the canoes, and Marquette and Joliet struck inland over the prairie, along the path. After six miles or so they came to a large village, which, to Marquette's great happiness, proved to belong to his one-time friends, the Illinois.

The coming of the Pale-faces and their daring made a great impression on the Illinois, and the chief and his braves outdid themselves to show them honor. Marquette and his companion had to endure feasts that were tests of courage as well as of the stomach. But they did not fail in the test, and so gained upon the good-will of the chief of all the Illinois, to whom they were led in triumph, that he presented them with a "Peace Calumet," a pipe decorated with feathers, the peculiar emblem of good-will recognized by the Illinois and their allies throughout the land. Carrying this and some supplies of food for the journey, the two

companions returned to their waiting canoes, escorted by some six hundred of their late hosts.

Embarking amidst solemn farewells, the slow progress of the two boats down the great river was continued. They passed the mouth of the Illinois that La Salle had so nearly reached a year or so before and came one day abreast of the terrible demon about which the Menomonies had warned them. It was a great rock, painted to look like two hideous men monsters, ending in scaly and fishlike tails. So repulsively large and gruesome did these figures appear brooding over the river that the men at the paddles and the men at the stern of the canoes forgot to look to the steering, and failed to pay heed to the roar of the rapids below them; consequently the boats were nearly capsized in the welter of waters made by the junction of the turbulent and swollen stream of the Illinois River with the Mississippi.

Escaping this danger, they made quicker progress now that the stronger current of the two great rivers carried them on their way. They passed the forest slopes where St. Louis now is, and, a few days further south, the mouth of the Ohio. Gradually the heat of the sun grew more and more oppressive, and the foliage and vegetation more tropical and dense.

Suddenly, one stifling noon, when the two Frenchmen had relaxed their vigilant outlook, and rested, spent and exhausted, in the meagre shade of one of the narrow sail sheets, they came suddenly abreast of a group of Indians on the right bank of the river. Before, however, the frightened men at the paddles could back water, or the amazed men on the shore could reach for their weapons, Marquette had drawn from his tunic the Peace Calumet, and was holding it up so that all could recognize its purport. To his joy and to Joliet's relief, the sign was immediately recognized, and the Frenchmen were invited with hospitable signs to disembark and test the good-will of the allies of the Illinois.

As before, they were feasted and overwhelmed with atten-

THE GREAT ROLLING PRAIRIES



tions. They noted with grave misgivings, however, that their hosts carried firearms, and powder in glass bottles of European make. The Indians were vague as to what far-off power had supplied these possessions, and were ignorant how far the river upon whose banks they had always dwelt flowed, before reaching its outlet. They assured the travellers, however, that ten days more must bring them to the Great Sea, which, alas! was far enough from the truth.

An uneasy sense that they were nearing the Gulf of Mexico and not the Vermilion Sea, as they called the Gulf of California, may have swept over Joliet's mind at this time, but he still hoped against hope that the stream would bend to the west and take them within reach of the Pacific. So with a light heart he launched his canoes into the gigantic stream from which he hoped so much, and once more the seven travellers pursued their dangerous way.

Day followed day, and marsh-land and forest followed each other in dreary monotony. The sun was sickening in its terrific strength, and the nights unrestful from the clouds of insects hovering over the river. They had travelled hundreds of miles without seeing a human being, when suddenly, as they passed below the mouth of the Arkansas River, the banks seemed alive with Indians.

This time there was no hesitation on the part of the inhabitants, nor indeed on Marquette's, who lifted his peace symbol high above his head, but without effect. The Indians launched their canoes and beset the boats of the strangers like a swarm of angry bees. Had not their gutteral and savage cries brought the elders of the village to the shore Joliet and his companions would have reached their journey's end then and there. Fortunately, on beholding the Peace Calumet, the elders controlled the more fiery of the braves until a council could be called.

The two Pale-faces were motioned to bring their canoes to land, and were conducted amidst sullen silence to the lodge of the chief. Here they were forced to listen to an endless pow-wow

in an unknown tongue, while one brave after another spoke his mind on the advisability of killing them. Their fate quite evidently hung on a thread. One movement, one glance of the eye, might have snapped it, until suddenly a man who could speak a little of the Illinois entered the circle.

To him Father Marquette addressed himself, explaining the peacefulness of their errand, and the might and power of the God who protected them. His words on being repeated to the listening Indians in their own tongue immediately appeased their anger and the crowd of sullen gaolers became the Pale-faces' friends and eager hosts, as if by magic.

From the festivities at that village the travellers journeyed down the river to a second encampment, where a deputation of welcoming hosts met them on the banks, and escorted them with shouts of encouragement to the chief. Here, as before, Marquette preached the Faith, with the help of another interpreter, who also understood a little Illinois; and, as before, the braves listened with grave and respectful attention.

Joliet, after taking council with the old men of the tribe, was forced to conclude that the river was still far from its outlet—it was, as a matter of fact, full seven hundred miles from the Gulf—and to acknowledge even to himself that there was no longer a possibility of that outlet's being on the Pacific slope. On the contrary, he felt convinced against his desires, from what the Arkansas Indians now told him, that its destination must be the Gulf of Mexico. He learned, moreover, that the Indians to the south of this last Arkansas village had no treaty with the Illinois or with their allies, and would neither respect the "Peace Calumet" nor spare the lives of the Pale-faces.

This last, with the fact that their lives were threatened by some unruly members of the tribe which was at present harboring them, and the conviction that they had gained the information which they had been sent to seek, made Joliet decide to return to

civilization rather than risk the loss of all which the journey had gained for France by venturing further. Escaping as quietly as they could from their somewhat dangerous hosts, they drove their canoes out into mid-stream, and facing north began their homeward voyage.

They started on the seventeenth of July, and in a heat that was prostrating began to paddle back over the thousand miles they had floated down the great river. It was a difficult task at best to make headway day after day against the rapid current, but the difficulty was augmented by a scourge of dysentery which attacked them all and which brought Father Marquette to the point of death. His companions ministered to him with anxious care, for by his knowledge and quick understanding of Indian speech and Indian character he had saved their lives more than once in the past adventure and much endeared himself to them.

At length, by sheer dogged determination, they gained the mouth of the Illinois and, leaving the Mississippi, turned into its calmer waters. The coolness of the forests and the plentiful supply of fresh meat saved the day for the sick man, so that, when they reached a large village belonging to the Illinois not far from Lake Michigan, he was strong enough to preach to them, as he had to so many of their tribe on that eventful journey, and to give them his blessing.

The young chief was so won by the good man that he offered to guide the seven strangers by a short way known only to his tribe to the lake. They gratefully accepted his services, and arrived at Green Bay, near the mouth of Lake Michigan, the last of September. Marquette was too weak to venture further with winter coming on, but Joliet pushed forward down the Lakes to Quebec. They had been gone four months and had paddled their canoes over 2,500 miles.

Poor Joliet! As he neared his destination, with high hopes of praise from Frontenac, he had the ill-luck to lose control of his

canoe just above Montreal in the rapids of La Chine. The boat capsized, and two of its occupants were drowned, Joliet himself barely escaping, and all his papers and maps were destroyed. In a letter to Frontenac he said:

"I had escaped every peril from the Indians; I had passed forty-two rapids and was on the point of disembarking, full of joy at the success of so long and difficult an enterprise, when, after all danger seemed over, my canoe capsized. . . . Nothing now remains to me but my life, and the ardent desire to employ it on any service which you may please to direct."

He died poor, nevertheless, and the credit for the discovery of the Mississippi has somehow been given more to La Salle than to him. Perhaps this is due to the fact that La Salle, a few years later, voyaged down its entire length and died in heroic effort to found the city which was later to become New Orleans, near its mouth. Ours is a rich country, and millions upon millions of fortunate citizens live upon its great resources, but to know the story of its past is to realize with something like awe how many men became poor to make us rich; how many men died that we might live.

As for Father Marquette, if you have a mind to follow him when he set out the next year to settle among the Illinois and build them a Mission, you would do well to read that book of great adventures, "*La Salle and His Discovery of the Great West*," by Francis Parkman.

I remember that when I read there the story of Pere Jacques Marquette's burial at St. Ignace after all his happy labors were ended it reminded me somehow of Campbell's great poem on the Burial of Sir John Moore.

"In the winter of 1676 a party of Ottawas were hunting on Lake Michigan; and when, in the following spring, they prepared to return home, they bethought them, in accordance with an Indian custom, of taking with them the bones of Marquette, who

had been their instructor at the Mission St. Esprit. They repaired to the spot, found the grave, opened it, washed and dried the bones and placed them carefully in a box of birch-bark. Then, in a procession of thirty canoes, they bore it, singing their funeral songs, to St. Ignace of Michilimackinac. As they approached, priests, Indians and traders all thronged the shore. The relics of Marquette were received with solemn ceremony and buried beneath the floor of the chapel of the Mission."

Happy, glorious Marquette! Few of the kings of the world have had such a burial.

NOTES ON THE RIVER TRAIL

They were wonderful men, those first French explorers of the New World, and among them was none greater than the first, Samuel de Champlain.

Let us picture him sailing up the long reaches of the River St. Lawrence and coming out on that first evening of his discovery on the long shining levels of the vast Lake—*Caniaderiguarunta*—(the gate of the Country) as the Indians named it.

“What an awe-inspiring and terrible wilderness those shores were three hundred years ago! What a spirit the men had who, in their frail canoes, traversed the rivers and lakes, with no guides except Indians, and no hope of succor from friends left far behind! For when Champlain glided over the waters of the lake that was to bear his name, there were no Europeans nearer than Virginia, where the English had made their little settlement two years before. And it was later, in the same year, 1609, that Henry Hudson made his great discovery.”

Far to the South the Spaniards were exploring the Great Desert, and years before this De Soto had perished on the banks of the river whose greatness even he had not guessed. It was left to the brave Frenchman, La Salle, to complete the task begun by De Soto and left incomplete by Joliet. But it is to the Frenchmen who followed La Salle, the men who founded New Orleans, St. Louis, Detroit and all the French towns from the Great Lakes to the Gulf that we owe the heaviest debt. Many of them were simple Mission Fathers,—“Black Robes” as the Indians called them,—like Père Marquette. They not only made existence possible on the Great Lakes by their settlements, and their patient explorations and their maps, but like Marquette they acted as interpreters, and as go-betweens and peacemakers for the Indian tribes of what are now the states of Minnesota and Iowa, Wisconsin, Michigan, Missouri, Illinois, and Mississippi. They and the “*courreurs de bois*,” about whom Francis Parkman has written such wonderful stories, began that great triumphal march of civilization from North to South through the very heart of our land.

Their Missions along the Great Lakes were the scenes of many martyrdoms. That hero, Père Brébeuf, had met his terrible death years before Marquette had come to the New World, and those first wonderful missions had been burned, and the converts massacred by the merciless Iroquois. The tribes themselves, which had once lived in such friendliness with the

Pale-faces, had scattered to other and safer hunting grounds. Thus it was that the new mission Fathers who came to take the places of their murdered brethren had to begin the work all over again, and in many cases with new tribes and in new places. But before, and for many years after the massacre, the Missions were the great centres of life for all that region now known as the head waters of the Mississippi.

A Jesuit mission of the lakes was generally a fortified and palisaded enclosure containing besides a log chapel and the low-roofed dwellings for the Fathers and their servants, a workshop, a storehouse for trading purposes, and a garden. Outside the stockade there were tilled fields and grazing lands. The Fathers had two sorts of converts who worked for them—the so-called “*clonnes*,” or given men, or, as we should call them, the lay brothers, and the hired servants, “*engages*,” who were generally the hunters, guides and canoe-men of the settlement. The missions were also centres for the fur trade; knives, tools, cloth and trinkets, and later on in the century wampum (shell beads from the coast of New England) was bartered for valuable mink, otter, beaver, sable and fox skins. Each mission had not only to be self-supporting, but, in addition, it had to support any new ventures or explorations made by the Order in the name of the French Government. And you must always bear in mind that the great expeditions that were undertaken to enlarge the boundaries of New France in that century were made at the risk and at the expense of the explorers. The French kings graciously appointed them and gracefully accepted the results of their labors.

Thus it came about that even though Father Marquette and his Hurons were hard at work on the new mission at Pointe St. Ignace when the Government officials at Quebec appointed a Frenchman rich enough, as well as daring enough, to lead an exploring party in search of the Great River, the fame and mystery of which roused every one's imagination, the Jesuit Order did not hesitate to bid their most useful missionary accompany him. For, as you probably know, the Society of Jesus was at that time an even greater organization than it is to-day. In France it not only controlled the schools of the kingdom, but it was also the most enthusiastic missionary society then in existence in the world. Its priests were the best educated and the most devoted to their business in the Roman Church. When young Jacques Marquette became a priest, this devotion of the Jesuit missionaries to the Faith and the simplicity and force of their lives were such as the world had not seen for many a weary century.

It was because the ardent men who were enrolled in its membership sought first the Kingdom of Heaven, that it was trusted the world over, and

it was because it was first of all a Missionary Society that it gained the hearts of kings. When its members forgot their allegiance to the King of kings, and its priests were found in palaces, and its missions no longer marked the outposts of the world, but its missionaries were found supporting tottering thrones and debatable monarchies—it was then that the meaning of the word Jesuit changed from a heroic thing to one of craft and cunning. The thing might happen again to any of our religious societies. Our own Church could grow so powerful with the rich that it might cease to be the poor man's friend. It could so struggle for this world's success that its priests would fail to find martyrdoms.

THE MOUNTAIN TRAIL

IF you or I should desire something fervently enough to work for it day and night for forty years, the chances are that in the end we might possess it, even though it should happen to be the great African Diamond, or the year's winner of the English Derby.

About two centuries ago, in the Island of Majorca, there were four boys—Serra, Crespi, Palou and Verger—who, from reading old tales about adventures in the Americas, were possessed with a fever of ambition to cross the seas, and to plant the Cross of the Blessed Jesus in that great mountain land to the northwest of Mexico which Viscayno had seen from his ships a century before, and on whose shores Coronada had unfurled the banner of Spain, claiming the continent for God and his king.

It is true that neither the boys nor the old tales of adventure were very clear as to what sort of a land it was that bordered the Pacific above the last Mexican-Spanish settlements in Lower California. Beyond the fact that the mountains were high and rugged, like their own Sierras of Spain, and the valleys between them were part desert, part fertile grazing lands where Indians wandered, Viscayno and the men who came after him were not over explicit. But it was enough for the boys to know that Viscayno and his crew, with some monks of the Carmelite order, had entered a beautiful harbor—now Monterey—and landing on a flowery shore had celebrated Mass one bright morning in the year 1602, and that they had at the same time announced with a cheerful faith that the spot thus hallowed would be the first of many, in the king's new dominions, to resound to songs of happy Christians.

On their walks and in their labor about the convent school

of San Bernardino, to which they had been sent to become Franciscan Brothers, the boys talked with eager enthusiasm about these hopes. Young Serra, who was the most fiery and imaginative of the four friends, was full of dreams of the churches that they would build with their own hands, as the great St. Francis had done before them; and of the Indians they would gather into them, and baptize and teach, to the glory of God. Crespi, who longed for adventures, lay awake at night, enduring with unbounded delight imaginary perils across unknown mountains and through valleys hostile with savage Indians. I dare say that the other two friends, Palou and Verger, had their share in these youthful plans of adventure, but into what particular paths their fancies led them the real tale of their wonderful lives does not tell. Verger, who was certainly the most methodical of the friends, may have delighted himself by planning what provisions and seeds and utensils, Church vestments and books, they would have to carry with them, with which to furnish their churches, and build their monasteries, and plant their gardens, and teach their schools.

Be that as it may, while the four friends of the Monastery of San Bernardino were indulging in their boyish dreams within its dim old cloisters, there was nothing in the world outside to bid them hope that their ambitions could ever be fulfilled. The Spanish king showed no zeal in the support of adventurers on exploring expeditions to the Pacific slopes. Spain had lost more than she had gained thus far from her adventurers; and if the Church had been inaugurating a mission to the unknown lands northwest of her Mexican domains, she would have put the Jesuits, who were already in possession of Lower California, at the head of any new venture.

Last and most fatal barrier of all, the Franciscan authorities of the Monastery of San Bernardino were not given to ambitious dreams of missionary conquest. Hence the request of the four young Brothers, Serra, Crespi, Palou and Verger, that

they be allowed to cross the seas, and carry the Gospel to the Indians of the mountain lands on the other side of the world, was received with scant favor and finally dismissed as impossible by the Superior of the Order.

But perhaps you have observed that it is the "impossible" which happens to some men—men who refuse to give up hope, who never know when they are beaten.

Before he had reached his eighteenth year young Serra became a monk. He took the name of Junipero—pronounced "Oonipairo" in the Spanish—from that amusing, simple-hearted follower of St. Francis, whom the great Italian so delighted in that once, you remember, he exclaimed: "Would that I had a whole forest of such Junipers!"

It seems that the second Junipero was well named, for he was the most cheerful and serene of companions. When the Superior of the monastery turned a deaf ear, year after year, to the prayers of Serra and his fellow monks for freedom to go on their perilous journey, he and his friends showed neither anxiety nor chagrin. Some day their summons would come! Some day the Almighty, Himself would intervene on their behalf. Meanwhile, obedient to the words of the Blessed Jesus, it behooved them to watch and pray!

Five years passed away, and yet another five; still no summons! The routine of the monastery, the prayers, the service, and the study, and the labor, went on, month after month, year after year, in the ancient cells. From the world outside came faint echoes of wars and conspiracies. Kings were crowned and Popes died; colonies were founded and abandoned; a score of years passed away, and still Junipero and his three friends waited and hoped.

Then suddenly, as though a thunder bolt had dropped from a blue sky, came the call! A great missionary expedition had been inaugurated by the Church of Rome to depart for Mexico.

The convent of San Bernardino in the Island of Majorca was required to send two of its monks to join the other Brothers of the Order at Cadiz, from whence the missionaries were to sail for the New World. Junipero and Palou were chosen and departed, Crespi and Verger waving them a farewell from the convent gates with wistful, glorified faces. At Cadiz, Junipero found that there were still two vacant places. He and Palou lost no time in applying for them for Crespi and Verger. Word was hurried to Majorca, and, joy of joys the four friends were reunited in time to sail in the same vessel!

But the time of waiting was not over. In Mexico the four Franciscans of Majorca were sent to the College of San Fernando. Here they labored among the Spanish and Indians and the Half Breeds, teaching, preaching, and living with them, for nearly another score of years. The Jesuit missions still blocked the way to the long-desired goal of Upper California. They neither went in to possess the land themselves, nor permitted others to go. To any but extraordinarily brave men this last long detention on the very threshold of their desires would have turned hope into desperation; but what you must always remember first about Junipero and his companions is just this—they were extraordinarily brave men.

Serra was an old man when the Great Summons came, old at the age of fifty-six, and crippled with the hardships and labors he had driven his frail body to endure for the last twenty years, in a climate where no European worked who valued his life; but he stood ready to answer the call with a heaven of exaltation in his heart.

The great Jesuit power had come to a sudden end in Spain, in the year 1767. Within a twelvemonth the Order had been expelled from all the Spanish possessions of Mexico, and the Franciscan friars had been put in charge of the missions in Lower California, and commanded to carry the Gospel of the Blessed

Jesus to the Indians of the mountains and sea lands to the north. The "impossible" had happened!

Yet, when the word was brought to Father Junipero Serra that he had been appointed Superior to the sixteen Franciscans who were to form the new Mission, he was so surprised at the honor that, as the old record puts it, "He was unable to speak a single word for sudden tears."

Of the four friends, Verger only was to remain behind. He cheerfully took upon himself the work of his other three companions at San Fernando, leaving them free to depart upon the mission so long dear to all their hearts. Thus in a very beautiful and practical sense he helped their dream of the conquest of California to come true.

The Spanish Government had now suddenly become very keen about the mission, and Don Joseppi de Galvez, Inspector General for His Majesty's provinces, was instructed to send soldiers and Mexican Indians, as well as Spanish settlers, to colonize the new country. De Galvez was a most practical and far-seeing organizer, and he gladly provided the Franciscan Brothers with seed with which to start the gardens about the new monasteries, as well as with grain for the farm lands they planned to cultivate. He also ordered that cattle and sheep should follow the expedition, in ships from Southern California to San Diego; while with his own hands he packed altar furniture and vestments for the chapels which Father Junipero would build in the distant wilderness.

It was decided to send the expedition in two parties. The ships were instructed to meet those who were to journey by land at the harbor which Viscayno had discovered in the year 1602 at the lowest extremity of the unexplored country.

Don Joseppi also pointed out to Father Junipero that Viscayno had found a second harbor many leagues to the north of San Diego, the Bay of Monterey. Here it was proposed that

the Franciscans should plant a second Mission, while half way between the two he designated a spot for the third monastery, asking that the Fathers should name it Buena Ventura.

Father Junipero most cheerfully assented to all this good advice, only adding that there must be no long delay in establishing yet a fourth Mission, which for love's sake he would name for the great founder of the Order, St. Francis. The Commandant agreed that assuredly this must be done; but as to the site of the Saint's nameplace he did not presume to dictate.

"If St. Francis desires a Mission," he said gravely, "let him but show the port, and we will put one there for him!"

As both De Galvez, and Portala the captain of the soldiers who were to protect the missionaries, were in grave doubt if Father Junipero's strength would hold out on the long and dangerous journey before them, they urged the Padre to go by the easier way of the ships; but Junipero Serra laughed at their qualms on his behalf. He told them that he would rather die on the trail than miss one step of the glorious journey to the land of his high hopes. And even when, as a last resort, they begged that he would allow himself to be carried on a litter across the rugged defiles of the mountain cañons, he told them with shining eyes that they need have no anxiety for his safety. God would not let him perish until he had fulfilled his task.

And so, upon Thursday in Holy Week in the year 1769, the Mission Fathers, with Portala and his soldiers and escort, started on their long journey. It is a wonderful story. Father Crespi kept the records and he had a very artless way of mixing up pious reflections, bits of wayside gossip, miraculous happenings, and tragic mis-adventures in the same simple recital. He relates how one day, when an old injury to Father Junipero's leg became insupportable from the heat and dust and steepness of the trail, a sudden happy thought came to the plucky traveller. Beckoning to one of the muleteers he said:

"Son, do you know a remedy for a sore leg?"

"Eh, Father!" cried the man, "what remedy can I know? I only cure beasts."

"Well, then, my son, regard me as but one of your beasts, and my sore leg, a sore back. In short, give me the same treatment you would give to your beasts."

It took some further urging on the Padre's part to screw the muleteer up to performing the cure, for, in common with all the party, he regarded Father Junipero as a saint already. Finally, however, he consented.

"I will do it, Padre, if it pleases you," he said with a solemn face.

In true muleteer fashion he mixed some herbs in a solution of hot tallow, and made a poultice for the inflamed limb. It worked as well on the saint as he had been used to see it work upon his beasts. That night the swelling went down, and the Frate slept more soundly than he had for many a week. Next day he was able to kneel at prayer as he read the Service and to continue the journey. To the end of his days he was lame and in constant pain, and to the end of his days he bore both lameness and pain as though they did not exist for him.

It took fifty days for the scouts of the California Mission to reach the Bay of San Diego; there was no trail and they did not know the mountain passes. Often in trying to keep within sight of the ocean they found no footing on the steep western slopes of the mountains, yet much of the interior of the land was a grim desert, "rich only in thorns and stones," as Father Crispi wrote down in his journal. The Indians, whom they had brought for guides, deserted, fearing the tribes of the north; and deserting, carried off most of the provisions. Yet on June 16th the entire expedition had reached San Diego. Below in the bay the ships rode at anchor, and under a canopy of green boughs servants, sailors and monks knelt while Father Junipero celebrated the Holy Communion.

After that day of rest the good Father set about building his first mission church, and Brother Crispi set off to find the harbor of Monterey. He hunted for it for six months, poor eager man, but neither he nor his followers set eyes on it. However, persevering northward in search of it, they found "a far greater harbor" which they named San Francisco, remembering the words of Don Joseppi de Galvez.

When at last they returned to San Diego with the news of their failure and their success, they found their captain, Portala, so discouraged with his six months experience of the barrenness and unfriendliness of California that he had given orders for the expedition to return home. The expected ships with new supplies had not come from Mexico, the men were dying of scurvy, and the meagre rations on hand would hardly support them back to civilization. March 20th was the date fixed for departure, and Father Junipero was given to understand quietly and kindly, but very plainly, that his dream of missions in California must be put away forever.

"Now is the time for a miracle!" said he to his brother monks. He had implored the commander to postpone his departure yet a week or two more in the hope of the long-delayed ships, but at last he realized that he was powerless to change Portala's fixed purpose.

"It rests with God alone," he said quietly. "Let us fast, and then pray for a miracle."

And pray and fast he and Crispi and Palou did all that day and all that night.

On the morning of the 20th at the celebration of the early communion, they, and many with them, saw suddenly on the far horizon of the sea a great ship with all her sails set. There she was for a moment like a great winged angel—and the next she was gone. Some thought she was a phantom ship bearing such an one as the Flying Dutchman, others thought her a sign



THE MIRACULOUS SHIP

from Heaven. Portala was one of these last, and waited. Four days later the good ship San Antonio entered the Bay weighted with provisions from bow to stern and the Mission to California was saved.

Soon after this joyful event Portala and Junipero and many others set out once more to find Monterey, the ships following them up the coast. This time they found the harbor without delay, and on the first day of June the happy monks and soldiers and sailors sang the Te Deum on the green bluffs overlooking those beautiful waters.

To-day if you look above the road which passes between the beach and the Presidio grounds of the town of Monterey, you will see a stone figure of a kneeling Franciscan, the flowers and field grasses blowing all about the little enclosure which protects the spot. Those who know, say that it is a good likeness of the happy missionary who knelt on that green knoll in the year 1770, thanking God for the long journey, safely ended.

“Only grant me the years to build Thy Missions,” cried he. “I am poor and weak and growing old, but give me yet a few more years in which to serve Thee.”

He looked so frail and transparent that few believed his passionate desire would be fulfilled. Yet God gave him more than fourteen years. Lame, and frail as he was, he tramped back to Mexico after a year or two to get more money from the Viceroy, who dared not refuse him face to face. He built nine great Missions. Their names are the names of the beautiful towns of California, and he and Crispi and Palou and their followers planted the olive orchards and the vineyards and the fruit and the rose gardens. They made, too, the great trail across the mountains from San Diego to San Francisco, as safe and beautiful as a garden path.

Always when he was starting a new Mission Junipero was most triumphant.

"As soon as a place favorable for one had been reached, the Padre would order a halt, and extracting his bells from the panier of the pack mule, tie them to a nearby tree and fall to ringing them with all his might."

"Hear, hear, ye Gentiles! Come to the Holy Church! Come to the Faith of Jesus Christ!" he would cry.

Perhaps not an Indian would be in sight. "Never mind!" he once said. "Let me unburden my heart! It is full with desire that all the world might hear the bells and that every Gentle of these mountains may come!"

And they did come; first a few to stare and wonder; then more who asked questions; then more and more until there were hundreds. Father Junipero baptized over one thousand of his people with his own hands.

He saw nine great Missions built before his death. In all over a score of them were established within the next twenty-five years. In them twenty thousand Indians lived and learned, prayed and worked.

And so he journeyed to and fro, over his mountain trail through all weathers for fourteen years. Father Crespi, "the joyous," as he was called, was his constant companion. The last journey the two friends ever took together was just before Father Crespi's death, when they set out to the hills above the Bay of San Francisco, where Brother Palou was laboring.

Father Junipero's death was quite as beautiful as his life had been, and far, far easier. He was at the San Carlos Mission not far from Monterey, resting from a long journey up the coast from San Diego, and Father Palou was with him. The year was 1784. Everyone seemed to have guessed that he was dying, yet every day he read the service and ministered to the people. The evening before he died, when he had made his last Communion, the church was crowded with weeping Spaniards and Mexicans and his own

Indian converts, for the news had spread, and the people from other Missions had come to say farewell.

There was a sound of weeping all through the dim church and finally those who sang the hymn, "*Tantum Ergo*," failed one by one until Father Junipero's voice sang on almost alone, "strong and high" the old record says.

Next day he walked to the kitchens and asked for a little broth; and seeing how pleased the Brothers looked at his taking it, let them lead him back to his cell, where Father Palou took him in charge.

"I feel better now," he said as he lay down on his pallet. And then, smiling at them, he added with a sigh of content:

"I will rest."

And so ended his long day's work!

NOTES ON THE MOUNTAIN TRAIL

It was the plan of the California missionaries not only to convert the Indians, but to civilize them. Every Mission had its church building and its services and catechism classes; and, also within those great cloistered enclosures, there were granaries and winepresses, dairies, vegetable and flower gardens, orchards, and sheep-folds. Opening out of the long stone corridors of the mission building were rooms where women were taught to weave and to spin, to dress skins and to fashion clothes, and where their children were taught to read and write. These Missions according to Junipero's eager planning were put an easy day's journey apart and thus afforded safe shelters for travellers the length of that wonderful coast, as well as great Church schools for teaching the art of living to the Indians.

You may imagine with such dreams coming true, what a rapture of hope fulfilled Junipero put into the *Te Deum* that day in June, one hundred and forty years ago as he knelt on the slopes of the Monterey. But you cannot well imagine, because you have never seen the like of it in your day,—unluckily for you,—how the news of that hymn of praise sung on the hillside of Monterey set Mexico to ringing her church bells for joy, and was carried over the sea to Spain, where it spread like wildfire from province to province, the peasants and their lords joining in thanksgiving. A new glory had been added to Spain, a new people to God!

And when you see the Missions which Father Junipero built in those ten years, you will realize how splendidly Spain and her Viceroy helped the little monk. The churches and monasteries, the aqueducts and walls, the store-houses and cloisters, that were built under the direction of the Mission Fathers, have given a name to a certain very noble, spacious style of architecture, so that nowadays, when you see a particularly strong, low building of cement and stone, whose lines and curves are simple and good, and whose interior fittings seem cut and hewn to endure for generations, you are more than likely to be told that the plans have been drawn in the Mission style, and after the designs the Mission Fathers made for their Indian converts a century ago.

And when you read the books of Helen Hunt Jackson—"California Missions," and "Ramona," you will comprehend what the missions once were to California.

Before fifty years had passed the successors of Crespi and Palou and Junipero owned twenty convents in California, and were very rich and very



RUINS OF SAN JUAN MISSION, 1716.

powerful. They owned the richest farming and grazing lands of the country, and their cattle and sheep and live stock numbered thousands and thousands. Whole communities of Indians lived within their walled enclosures, working for them in return for food, clothing and protection—a kind of serfdom.

But the Mission Fathers of that generation were no longer missionaries in thought or act. They were indolent and dull, fond of power and of ease. They no longer fought sin and ignorance and their own evil passions, but they fought the Mexican government, which quite naturally coveted their rich lands and their many possessions.

As the years went by and Spain lost her American provinces, and Mexican governors supplanted the old proud Spanish rule in California, the great pillage of the Missions began in good earnest; lands, cattle, granaries, orchards,—everything went. The Indians were driven out and perished in a single generation, the monasteries were broken up and dismantled.

Then came the American war with Mexico! And California became ours in 1848 by the Treaty of Guadeloupe Hidlago. It was at this time, too, and by this treaty, that New Mexico and its desert trails became possessions of the United States. Texas had freed herself and was annexed in 1848.

The United States government found terrible confusion and poverty left by the Mexicans in California, and just then in 1848-49, began the great gold stampede. The Indians and the Spaniards, and after them the Mexicans had found gold in California, but the Americans turned the mountain country into a vast mining camp! Great fortunes were made in a week, and lost in a night in the gambling dives which infested the camps. For a time no one thought of any thing but gold in California, and no restless boy or man in all the country thought of anything but California.

Those were not good days, and in the years while the surface gold lasted the mining cities of the Pacific slopes were evil, unlovely places, where men were desperate, and women were bad, and few children were innocent. Then gradually the easily-got gold failed and the mining camps were deserted. Men in desperation turned to the long-neglected gardens and orchards of the Mission Fathers. The old irrigating sluices were mended, the wells and cisterns restored—then California came into her own!

Our fathers called California the Golden State because of its shining metals; we of this generation call it the Golden State still, but we think of golden oranges, and long glistening rows of lemon trees.

To-day in that land of gardens, there are people who point to a few beautiful but rather empty Mission churches, and to a great monastery at Santa Barbara, and to a score of quite ruined buildings and cloisters, with

here and there a bowed old Indian clinging to the shelter of their broken walls. "These," say they, "are all that remain of Father Junipero Serra and his wonderful dream for California! The Missions pillaged and ruined by the Mexican and Spanish and American Governments; the Franciscan monks debased, and driven out by persecution; the Indians despoiled and scattered!" They quite forget, when they look at the ruins, that, though the schools and churches and the very bells which Father Junipero hung with his own hands are silent and broken, his dream for California is still coming true. Coming true, O wonderful thought, because it was his dream!

For the great gardens and orchards, the great orange-groves and vineyards of California are Father Junipero's gifts. He first made these deserts blossom as the rose. And the flowers are his gift; and the bells that swing under beautiful archways, and the long, low houses with the curving gables are his gifts; and the great Indian schools that the Government and the Churches have modelled after his Mission schools, are his gifts. And the wrongs that after slow years have been righted because of the undimmed power of his enthusiasm, are his gifts. His trail across the mountains is still beautiful from San Diego to San Francisco.

THE TRAIL OF THE HAPPY HUNTING GROUNDS

IN the early thirties of the last century the town of St. Louis was the meeting-ground of many races. The French Canadians and the Spanish and Mexicans, the Yankees, the Southern planters, and the pure French from New Orleans, passed and re-passed one another in the streets, and made their trades in the markets and the warehouses, and along the busy wharves.

Men in homespun and men in raccoon skins, Mexicans in embroidered jackets and Frenchmen with their hair *en cue* and with ruffled linen, sat side by side on the *banquettes* sipping their cooling drinks without exciting even a glance from the idlers on the streets; but when one day there stalked into the town a company of four silent Indians in full ceremonial dress, demanding to see the Governor, the crowd gathered from all directions, and men stood on their chairs at the cafés to see them pass. Not that Indians were strange sights in St. Louis; the nearby country swarmed with them; but these Indians were of a different sort from those in the Mississippi Valley, and their dress and ornaments were strange. It was rumored that they had come from beyond the Rocky Mountains and had traveled more than three thousand miles. Two of them were old men.

Now it happened that General Clark, the United States Government Superintendent of Indian Affairs for the Northwest, was then in St. Louis, and to him these Indians were led. They told him that they were of the tribe of the Nez Percés, far, far to the North, and upon questioning them he learned that they had come from the banks of the Columbia River. They said that they had been sent by their tribe to the Land of the Rising Sun, where men worshipped the All-Powerful One, to get

from the Pale Faces their great Book which told of the Way to the Happy Hunting Grounds beyond the Great Divide.

General Clark received them with grave ceremony, he saw to it that they were properly housed and clothed and fed, he showed them the sights of the town, the theatre, the cathedral, the markets and the wharves, and he persuaded them to postpone their return until a boat which belonged to the American Fur Company could take them up the river as far as the mouth of the Yellowstone. But while they waited the two elder men died.

When the time came for the other two to depart, the General sent them presents from the Government to carry back to their people, and received them in great state when they made their visit of ceremony to bid him farewell. A young man who was one of General Clark's escort was so interested in the two grave, sad men that he wrote down the farewell speech which the older made on behalf of both of them, and later sent it to a friend in the East.

FAREWELL OF THE NEZ PERCES CHIEF

"I came to you over a Trail of many moons from the setting sun. You were the friend of my fathers who have all gone the long way. I came with one eye partially opened, for more light for my people who sit in darkness. I go back with both eyes closed. How can I go back to my blind people? I made my way to you with strong arms, through many enemies and strange lands, that I might carry back much to them. I go back with both arms broken and empty. The two fathers who came with me—the braves of many winters and wars—we leave asleep here by the great water. They were tired in many moons and their moccasins wore out. My people sent me to get the white man's Book of Heaven. You took me to where you allow your women



THE TETONS, IDAHO.

to dance as we do ours, and the Book was not there. You took me where they worship the Great Spirit with candles, and the Book was not there. You showed me the images of good spirits and pictures of the good land beyond, but the Book was not among them. I am going back the long trail to my people. You make my feet heavy with the burden of gifts, and my moccasins will grow old carrying them, but the Book is not among them. When I tell my poor blind people in the big council that I did not bring the Book, no word will be spoken by our old men or our young braves. One by one they will rise up and go out in silence. My people will die in darkness and go forth to the Hunting Grounds. No white man will go with them, and no white man's Book to make the way plain. I have no more words."

When the letter bearing this beautiful and sad lament reached the East the man who read it sent it to a noted Western explorer named Catlin. "Can this be true?" he wrote. Catlin wrote immediately to General Clark asking him for the facts. General Clark confirmed the report of the speech. "It is true," he said. "The sole object of their visit was to get the Bible."

He explained to some one else the hopelessness of giving them the Book they asked for; no one of their tribe was able to read or to interpret it. The Government had more than it could well accomplish, just then, to keep peace among the fierce and restless tribes of the West. Fort Leavenworth was at that time the last outpost of military authority west of the Mississippi. Beyond was lawlessness, except where here and there over the Northwest were the scattered forts belonging to the English of the Hudson Bay Fur Company.

The life of the Indians before the coming of the Pale Faces must never be thought of as a peaceful, beneficent life. One tribe preyed upon another, the strongest stole from the weaker,

treaties were made only to be broken, sometimes treacherously at the next good opportunity, friendliness changed to hate without warning. At his best the Indian was a good, imaginative child, at his worst he was a mad dog.

Perhaps the Superintendent of Indian Affairs for the Northwest judged shrewdly enough also that the Way to the Happy Hunting Grounds so desired by the Nez Percés was not the steep and flinty path of self-denial towards which the Book pointed, but an easy, magic road to be gained by spells and incantations, that led to some earthly Garden of Eden, visible to the eyes of mortal men. Perhaps he guessed from his experience of Indian laziness and Indian ignorance that when the realities of the Book were taught to them, few of the braves would condescend to the hard path of gentleness and forgiveness and unselfishness and steadfastness. At all events the Nez Percés returned to their people without the Book, and the spring turned into summer and summer into winter with no sign from the Pale Faces that any one cared one way or the other for their strange appeal.

But though they were quite ignorant of it, the name of the Nez Percés was on the lips of many men and women that year, and their request for the Book lay heavy on many hearts. Indeed, the call pressed so vitally on some hearts that in all six men laid down the work that they were doing in the Eastern States and said that if a bare living were assured them they would go West, into the unknown Northern Pacific country, and carry the Book, and all that it stood for of love and devotion, to those Indians.

Five of these men were ministers. Four of them were Methodists, and their missionary society very gladly sent them upon their brave journey. They crossed the Rockies after many adventures, and arrived under the escort of some traders of the Hudson Bay Company on the banks of the Willamette River, not far from which stream they established a mission. This

mission grew and prospered, but the story of it does not belong to this tale.

The other two men who had volunteered to go West to carry the Book to the Nez Percés were New Englanders. One of them was a young physician. His name was Marcus Whitman. He had not been thought a very strong boy; people doubted if he would ever be up to much physically. He had not been brilliant at his profession, nor did any one in the town in which he lived regard him as a remarkable young chap. When the call of the Nez Percés sounded in his heart something told him that if he dared to refuse it he would miss his greatest chance of serving God in the world; but he was dreadfully tempted to refuse, none the less. Yet no one would have been the wiser if he had refused, and no one would have blamed him. He had every reason to wish to stay at home, for he was in love with a young girl who loved him. In those days to take a woman to live where he should have to live, would be to subject her to untold, and perhaps fatal hardships. He made up his mind that unless he could give her a decent home out there in the unknown region beyond the Rockies he would not ask her to go. From what he could learn from the hunters and naturalists and traders who had gone to the base of the Great Divide, an attempt to carry household furniture, or any goods which could not be tied to the backs of mules, across those terrible mountains would prove a failure. However, Marcus Whitman resolved to go and see for himself.

In 1835 he and his fellow-missionary set out to explore. They were sent by the American Board of Foreign Missions and the funds came from the Presbyterians and the Congregationalists of the East. This journey, which was to mean so much for the United States, was paid for by a missionary society. Always remember that!

Young Whitman and his companion Parker crossed the Rockies at South Pass. They found that plenty of men had

crossed that way before them; hunters, traders, Indians, but no white woman and no wagon. Whitman squared his jaw and said that, though it had not been done, it could be done, and he returned to New England and told the girl he loved that he could take her and her household possessions across that Great Divide. That was enough for her. Had she not been praying all those months that he had been gone from her, that he would "find a way?" Could she hesitate now, when her prayers were answered? They were married, and they said their long goodbyes and set out.

The men of the Mission Board were much pleased with the pluck and determination of young Whitman. He had reported Parker as already established on the lands of the tribe near Walla Walla, and awaiting his arrival; the Board determined to send another missionary and his wife to accompany the Whitmans, and to re-enforce the new mission; their name was Spalding.

In those days all immigrant parties to the West began the journey into the wilderness at St. Louis. They generally went by boat up the Missouri as far as what is now Council Bluffs, and from that point travelled by horseback or by wagon by the Wilderness Trail. This trail was a pretty easy one as far as the Hudson Bay Fort, Laramie, on the Platte River. That is, if you were not massacred by Indians or stampeded by vast buffalo herds, or upset and swamped crossing the quicksands of the rivers, or did not miss the way over prairies, you found it comparatively easy. It was like a highroad compared to what lay beyond Fort Laramie, that is certain!

At Fort Laramie Whitman's party were allowed inside the Company's fortified enclosure, and the two white women were much stared at by the squaws and the children herded there. The Hudson Bay agents shook their heads at the sight of Whitman's wagon. He could never get it across, they said. "Such a thing had never been attempted," they added sullenly. But

Whitman had begun to suspect that something lay back of this persistent discouragement and sullen disapproval of theirs. Besides he had crossed that South Pass, and he knew! So the heavy, springless wagon with its canvas top and its four sturdy mules set out. But neither the mules nor the wagon's well-built wheels would ever have got it up and down those gulches and across that rocky way, or over those sheer ascents, if Marcus Whitman had flinched in his determination for a single foot of that terrible way. Over the Rockies he guided it, and down on the other side, across the hills and mountains and rivers and valleys to the Columbia River itself, and with it, and often in it, went the two plucky women, Mrs. Whitman and Mrs. Spalding.

To the chiefs of the Nez Percés who came down the valleys in great state to escort the long-desired Messengers with the Book, the wonder of that journey of the Pale Faces who had dared to bring their "house on wheels" and their women, increased a hundredfold. Not far from Walla Walla they found suitable sites for two missions, and in 1837 they were planting their gardens, building their schools and churches and log dwelling houses.

So far, so good! But they had learned a good many things on that trip, things over which Whitman squared his jaw more than once. Something was wrong up there in that Northwest! And it was not the Indian hostility, for the Indians were very friendly and almost too eager for the white man's knowledge. It was not the country, for it was the richest farming country Whitman had ever seen. It was not the rivers, nor the streams, nor the forests, nor the mountains; for the rivers were alive with fish and were navigable, the forests were immensely valuable, while the mountians were rich in minerals. No, it was not the country that was wrong,—that was all that man could desire! It was the strange spirit of enmity,—unspoken, intangible, yet

always there, always working, always barring the way,—that Whitman and Spalding and Parker, and every man not employed by the Hudson Bay Company who penetrated to that delectable country, met sooner or later.

Warnings from more than one traveller came to the missionaries, to have a care how they ran counter to the wishes of the great white man's company, which ruled that land and its inhabitants for its own interests. One of the warnings was more explicit than the rest, and came from a man who had every reason for knowing the truth. He was an American, a naturalist, Townsend by name, who had spent two years in the Northwest and had travelled much with the hunters in the service of the English Fur Company. "The Company will be glad to have you come and settle here," he told them, "for they need physicians and they need teachers for the half-breed wives and children of the Company agents. But as for the Indians whom you have come to teach, they do not want them any more enlightened; the Company might then lose control of them. Should the agents find that you continue in your resolve to make friends with the Indians and to teach them, one of two things will happen; they will either refuse to sell you goods from the Company stores and so starve you out in time, or else they will turn the Indians against you and you will perish among them."

The missionaries had an opportunity to find that this man spoke the exact truth. But much was to happen before that.

In everything that they tried to do, from building their houses to sending East for materials, seeds, utensils, stock, etc., they found themselves against a blank wall. No man went or came into that land save by the Fur Company's express permission. The forts were so placed along the trails and the rivers as to command them. They were the only safe places from the roving bands of Indians,—the rough, uncouth inns of that dangerous land, but woe to the traveller against whom those strange

landlords closed their doors, or to whom the door was opened treacherously! Yes, it was quite plain that the Hudson Bay Company, for reasons of its own, guarded the exits and the entrances to the land with jealous care! Before very long Marcus Whitman realized what lay behind this jealousy.

The business of this English Company since 1670, when King Charles II had granted it a charter, had been to make money in fur. It had spread its trading posts from Quebec to the Pacific, and employed many men,—Indians, half-breeds and French Canadians. It was run by a board of directors in London. Its aim was to monopolize the fur trade of America, and in the century and a half of its life it had nearly succeeded. The directors in London and the stockholders whom they represented made huge profits in money, the Company agents who traded with the half-breed post employees made large profits in stores, arms, and provisions, which they traded for furs at the Company forts, and lastly the Indians, who brought the furs to the forts and trading posts to barter for the things the white men had which they craved,—beads and cloth and rations,—also made a profit that compensated them, at least in their own eyes. That it was a poor and unfair compensation for the peril and hardship which they had endured to procure the skins, they were quite too ignorant to know.

Therefore you see, as Marcus Whitman saw, why it was to the interest of the Company to keep the Indians ignorant of the things white men knew. You will see too why any attempt on the part of the missionaries to cultivate the wonderful soil of Oregon, or to teach the Indians to cultivate it, was met with disfavor. If the Indians learned to raise their own crops they would grow independent of the Company and do its bidding with less readiness, and if the Americans of the United States knew what a wonderful farming country this was that they had bought from France, and which they now held so lightly and

indifferently, it would mean immigration of farmers and home-steaders to the Northwest, and an end of the vast, uncleared, uncultivated, uninhabited lands from which the English Fur Company got its huge and easy gains.

The question of boundaries was at this time in process of settlement between the United States and Great Britain. Neither country at large knew or cared much for what lay south of Vancouver; the great British Fur Company therefore had things pretty much in its own hands. One cannot blame it for thinking only of its own interests. It was "good business" to keep the Indians in a wild state. It was "good business" to pay them almost nothing for what they risked their lives to get. It was "good business" to make the people of the United States believe Oregon and Washington and the border States were barren, unprofitable land with impassable mountains and unnavigable rivers and treacherous Indians. It was "good business" for the agents holding such forts as Laramie to turn the white-topped prairie schooners down to the Santa Fé or along the Southwest trails towards California. What if the United States Government had bought the Louisiana claim from France, and the Northwest with it! What if Lewis and Clark had made their surveys and their maps, and had discovered the rivers! The men who held the Indians held the land, and the men who held the forts held the Indians!

It was plain to the missionaries that at any cost, even that of honesty and honor, the Englishmen of the Hudson Bay Company meant to hold the Indians. But Marcus Whitman and his fellow Americans resolved that they would neither be scared out of that country nor starved out of it. Two other tribes besides the Nez Percés, the Cayuses and the Spokanes, showed the greatest eagerness to come to the white man's schools and to learn the words of the Great Book. In the next four years many Indians turned from their hunting to farming. Whitman sent East for more helpers, and the Board of Missions added four more men to the mission,

with their wives. This made a small colony of United States citizens in the very heart of Oregon. By 1842 they had about them, as near neighbors in their three mission stations, three hundred and twenty-two Indian families, who were actually living on their farms, and whose children were in the mission schools. These people had so learned the white man's wisdom as to depend no longer on the stores of the Hudson Bay Company for their daily bread.

The falling off of the Company's enormous profits in that region reached the knowledge of the London directors. It was the business of these gentlemen to see that the shareholders of the vast enterprise got their money; that was why they held their great positions of trust. The word was passed down the line from directors to agents, from agents to the half-breed factors who ruled the Company posts, that this religion and this education must not be allowed if they interfered with "good business."

The London directors did not quite put the matter so baldly. What they said to their agents in Canada was: "Cannot you give these Indians a religion, if they want it, that won't interfere with the Company profits?" And what they said to the Canadian Governor was: "Cannot we have a few more British subjects pushed down there into Oregon while this boundary question is being settled, so that we can claim a majority of white settlers?" They did not desire white immigrants for permanent settlers and they cared nothing for what should become of them later. They were to be got rid of promptly after the land had become part of the British possessions; but that fact was not mentioned to the Governor, nor to the Scotch and Irish and English settlers which the Government was at that time importing, almost free of cost, into British America, for colonization purposes.

To both their requests the London directors of the Hudson Bay Company got singularly prompt answers. The French Canadian agents looked about them for men who would serve

the Company's interest, and give the Indians religion without education. They found a few Jesuit priests who were eager for the opportunity. These men believed that they were serving their Church and their Order by the work that they set themselves to do. Not only did they use their position in the Company forts to bring the Indians into the Roman Church by baptism, but they set themselves with equal vigor to undermine the work of the American missionaries. To do this they used the dangerous weapon of evil-speaking, and false-witness bearing against their neighbors. They would probably have argued that much that they taught the Indians to believe against the Yankee missionaries they themselves also believed to be true, and that in order to bring to an end the missions of the heretics any means was justified. It is hard to say what lay back of the methods they used, but the results which they unwittingly brought upon the Company they served, and the Order to which they belonged, and the Church they had meant to uphold, were far more disastrous than the worst enemy of the Company, or the Order, or the Church could have devised. But that you will see for yourself before this story ends.

While these new plans of the Hudson Bay Company were pending, Marcus Whitman went upon his doctor's rounds, administered his mission affairs, making his reports to the Board at home, writing to the farmers he knew vivid letters telling of the wonderful opportunities of that wonderful country, and, in spite of opposition and unfriendliness on the part of the Hudson Bay officials, he continued to teach the Indians how to live by the sweat of their brows and to obey the laws of God.

Although he and his fellow missionaries had had to bear actual affronts from some of the Company agents, and had been subjected to actual loss by acts of tyranny and dishonesty from some of the Company Indians, as a physician he never refused a call for his services even from an open enemy. Hence it came



BANDON BEACH, OREGON.

about that he happened to be at the Hudson Bay Company Fort at Walla Walla one day in September, 1842, visiting a patient, when dispatches were brought to the officials which were of grave moment, not only to the Company, but to the United States. The dispatches came while the big meal of the day was being served in the official quarters, and as there were present on a tour of inspection a number of important men of the Company, as well as some Jesuit priests who were in the Company's employ, the news which the dispatch contained was rather more freely commented upon than might usually have been the case. Perhaps the majority of those present did not know that the silent man down at the far end of the table was a citizen of the United States. At all events the fact that a large colony of Scotch and English immigrants which had been sent by Sir George Simpson, the Governor, had got across the mountains and were to winter at Fort Colville, three hundred and fifty miles up the Columbia, preparatory to entering Oregon in the early summer, was hailed with such joy by most of those present that the silent American pricked up his ears for what might follow.

Suddenly a young priest sprang from his seat and gave a toast: "Hurrah for Oregon! America is too late! We have got the country!" he cried.

An hour later the American doctor, whose departure from the fort no one had much heeded, was galloping down the trail to Waiilatpu, his mission station. He knew now, past a doubt, what all the sullen opposition, the barriers to progress, and the lies to travellers meant. A big steal was in the last stages of successful completion and he and a few American fellow-missionaries and some two hundred settlers were all that stood in that Northwest against the triumph of this "good business!"

Help was three thousand miles away; winter with its terri-

ble blizzards, the wilderness with its implacable Indians, the desert with its awful thirsts, barred the way. The horse galloped on and on and the man in the saddle stared grimly ahead as mile after mile was covered. Could he do it? There was only one chance in twenty that he would win out. Should he take that chance. There was his wife! Ought he to risk never returning to her? There was his work! Should he leave it unfinished? But there was a great wrong being done to his country which he could right. Should he right it?

Before dismounting from his horse, he told his great decision to the little group of men gathered about the door of his home. "I am going to cross the Rocky Mountains and reach Washington this winter, God carrying me through," he said. "And I shall bring out an immigration over the mountains next spring, or this country is lost!"

Then he got off his horse and went to his wife. It was she who helped him make his preparations for that journey of six months. In less than twenty-four hours she had him ready. After their first surprise the other men at the station were vehement in begging him not to take so terrible a risk as a journey East at that time of the year involved, but his mind once made up, Marcus Whitman was not to be moved by talk of risks. In the end, one of the men, Lovejoy, went with him part of the way.

They took a circuitous route to the South, over the Santa Fé trail from Taos, and then down to Bent's Fort on the Arkansas River. By this they avoided being snowed under completely in the Northern trail, but they suffered horribly from the winter storms of December along the Upper Santa Fé trail and in the mountains of Colorado. More than once they were lost and on the point of freezing to death, more than once they were nearly starved, and twice they crossed rivers covered with tons of floating ice that swept their horses down roaring currents. What saved them was Marcus Whitman's determination to fight for



MARCUS WHITMAN

life to the last gasp and to get on. At Bent's Fort Lovejoy had to fall behind; he was worn out and broken by the cold. Whitman pushed on to St. Louis alone.

His arrival caused a great stir. To have come from Bent's Fort at that time of the year was an unusual feat, but to have ridden down from the Columbia River and to have crossed the Rockies was an unparalleled journey. People stared at him, questioned him and came by the dozens to consult him. They found a square, stocky man with broad shoulders and a large head set on a thick bull neck. He had not shaved for four months, and his keen eyes looked out from a thickly-bearded face. The hair on his head was iron gray. His clothes were fur or buckskin, his buffalo coat with its hooded cape was wrapped behind him on his saddle as he rode, and he wore huge boot moccasins that quite filled his big Mexican stirrups. His entire dress on the street, one who saw him relates, did not show one square inch of woven fabric.

His manner was abrupt, a little stern and brusque. "Yes, Oregon was a wonderful country. The soil would yield immense crops. How did he know? He had farmed land there and had proved it."

"Yes, the trail was possible for wagons and for women. How did he know? He had tried it."

"Yes, the Rockies and the mountains and rivers beyond the Rockies were passable. How did he know? ~~He~~ He had crossed them."

"Would he guarantee a good country for immigrants out there? Yes, he would; and he would do more than that: he would lead any who cared to try their fortunes in the finest country the United States possessed, along the Oregon trail from Laramie to the Columbia in the coming spring."

Meanwhile he in turn asked questions. He was impatient for the answers and would not be drawn into stories of Indians

or of hunting or of fur traders and trappers. Was there a treaty pending between the United States and Great Britain? Yes, the Ashburton treaty. Did it cover the Northwest? Not the entire Northwest, only the section of the Great Lakes. Then where, and what, and whose, did it leave Oregon?"

To this last there were confused answers. It seemed that no one well knew what was in the mind of the President about Oregon. Congress was to adjourn on March 4th that year. Many things might happen. Marcus Whitman did not wait for them to happen, but leaving the immigration plans in the hands of others in St. Louis he hurried on to the Capital.

There has been much questioning and contradicting as to what was transacted between Whitman and the President and the Secretary of State during that March of 1843. President Tyler and Daniel Webster listened to his statements with grave interest. Whether or not they at this time formed any fixed decision as to the boundaries which the United States would claim from England in the Northwest, there is still some doubt. Webster had said earlier in one of his writings on the subject: "The government of the United States has never offered any line south of 49 degrees with the navigation of the Columbia, and it never will."

However much Marcus Whitman may have influenced the President and the Committee on Foreign Affairs to abide by that stand, or however little, he was the last man to stop and wait for recognition on the subject. From Washington he hurried on to Boston to urge the Board to send more missionaries, more supplies and more money. Then he hurried West to meet his emigrants.

Hurry as he would, however, it was the 20th of May before he caught up with them on the Platte River. He was none too soon. Many a prairie schooner and its mules would have got hopelessly tangled in that sandy bottomless river but for him.



A BIT OF THE WEST

"Those who saw him for three days crossing and re-crossing the wide stream, swimming his horse to find the best ford, and at last heard him order the one hundred or more canvas-topped wagons to be chained together, four mules or four horses to each wagon and, driven in one long line, to ford for two miles that river swollen by spring floods, cheering the drivers, permitting not an instant's halt, encouraging the women and bellowing at the mules lest they sink in the quicksands, will never forget the man nor his deed." So wrote one who was a pioneer on the Oregon Trail that fateful year of '43.

At Fort Hall, beyond the South Pass, the guides and scouts of the Hudson Bay Company almost induced the emigrants to turn south along the California trail to Sacramento—almost, but not quite! "Trust me," urged Marcus Whitman, "I know it can be done! Trust me and by early fall you will be in Oregon." Word came by his Indian friends that he was needed at his mission. Some one was ill, and it was life or death. He put his emigrants in charge of a Cayuse chief, whom he had healed and converted, and whom he trusted implicitly. The Indian's name was Iстicus, and he was splendidly faithful to his great trust. Under his guidance the party consisting of eight hundred and seventy-five men, women and children, some two hundred wagons, and thirteen hundred head of cattle, reached Dallas, Oregon, in September, 1843, and the Northwest was saved to the United States.

The end for Whitman, the revenge of the Company, and the terrible results of "good business" upon savage and undisciplined minds, came five years later. The one who suffered least was Whitman himself, for by it he went to his reward in a Far Country beyond the Great Divide. This was the manner of his going.

"It came about through the request of two Walla Walla chiefs that the Doctor should visit the sick in their villages. The

people had been attacked with a violent form of measles, and many had died. Those that died who had taken the medicine of the Americans were said by some of the Hudson Bay Company men to have perished by poisoning. 'The Americans wish your lands!' said they. Sometimes it was told to the Indians that the white men of the Mission only waited until they got more white men, and then they would destroy the tribes and drive them out.

Sometimes Tilokait, the Chief of the Cayuses, believed this, sometimes he did not. At this time when his people were dying of measles and dysentery and when the medicine of the Americans did no good, and could not bring them to life, he believed that it was true. So he went to Father Brouillet, the priest of the Company, and asked him to come and live in Whitman's house and take his lands, saying 'I will send him away.' But this Father Brouillet refused to do. Instead he took the place offered by Young Chief at Umatilla. This did not please the Cayuse Chief.

When the Doctor went through Umatilla to visit the sick of the two chiefs of the Walla Walla he called upon the priest at his new station; he also lodged one night with his friend Isticus. Then he crossed the river and prescribed for the sick. Then being anxious about those whom he had left suffering from the disease at his own mission he left for home.

He arrived very early the next morning, November the 28th. On the afternoon of the next day, very suddenly, the mission was surrounded by Tilokait and his tribesmen; with them were Joseph Scanfield, a Canadian Frenchman, Joe Lewis, a Canadian Indian, and Nicholas, a half-breed. Marcus Whitman and his wife and eight others were massacred and terribly mutilated; one man was shot next day, one escaped but died of exposure, the men at the Fort refusing to shelter him; three children that were taken captive died, and eight days later two young men

were killed who had worked at the mission. Fifteen persons in all were massacred, all of them Americans, all connected with Whitman's mission.

Neither the Hudson Bay Company men nor the missionary priests suffered at the hands of the Indians, nor did they punish the Indians in their turn. The Company officials announced themselves as taking no part one way or the other, except to redeem the few women and children who were spared. The priest Brouillet was the first white man to visit the camp of Tilokaikt after the murder. He reached there on November 30th and remained all night, and baptized some of the children of the Cayuses. Next morning he visited the plundered mission, saw the mutilated bodies, asked that they be buried and departed. Meeting Spalding, whose mission lay some distance off and who was ignorant of what had happened, the priest warned him and advised him to escape while there was time. The poor man was terror-stricken as to what might have happened to his wife. But he found her protected by the faithful Nez Percés, safe and ignorant of what had happened.

Marcus Whitman had faced death so often, and worse than death—failure, that this sudden last moment could not have found him unprepared or afraid. This time too there was to be no long parting from his plucky wife. They died together defending each other.

Their lives had not been in vain for Oregon, "or for their country," or for God! And who shall say what Oregon and the Northwest, which they helped to make, may yet mean to the world and to our country.

But the forts of the Hudson Bay Company along the Columbia River are gone. They could not stay the advance of the army of homesteaders or shut the gates to progress. And the Jesuit priests are gone from the Indian reserves. Their baptisms did not make Christians. Their absolution and penances

did not make saints out of sinners. Religion without education did not save the Indians, any more than education without religion can help them.

It is always well to remember that great truth once uttered by a missionary who had lived—and learned: "Devotion to be kept pure, needs ideas as well as feelings."

When God makes history, in order to compass some far-reaching purpose He gives such simple, plain people chances to do great things! St. Paul once threw out a clue to this mystery, which the rulers of this world would do well never to forget in their measurement of men and things: "For God hath chosen the foolish things of this world to confound the wise: And God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the mighty, and base things of the world and things which are despised hath God chosen, yea, and the things that are not, to bring to naught the things that are; that no flesh should glory before God."

Certainly you and I, little known and little regarded as we may be by those about us, need never let our obscurity or our unimportance be a bar to brave and noble service in His Name. Our part in this great opportunity called, Life, is to be ready! Just as Marcus Whitman was ready when his summons came.

For whatever influence the visit which Whitman paid to Washington may or may not have had on the policy of the Government a few years later in deciding the question of our Northwest boundaries, it was he, more than any other man, who influenced the people of the United States to take possession of their land beyond the Rockies. He opened the gate, he made possible the first civilized home, and he led the first real immigration of nearly one thousand souls into Oregon. He and his fellow missionaries first proved for what the soil of that wonderful land was meant and he endured untold dangers to make the discovery known to his fellow countrymen. While he accom-

plished all this, he worked night and day for the Indians, and in spite of threats and heavy penalties stood for the education and the civilization and the real conversion of those first owners of the Northwest. He also, quite literally, died for the Indians.

The men who were punished for his murder were not as guilty as those who went unpunished. The Hudson Bay Company, and the few Jesuit priests in its employ cried: "Not guilty!" over the broken bodies of the American missionaries, and for years the bitterest controversy raged between Romanists and Protestants over the evidence upon which that plea was based. One thing became certain long before the controversy died out; neither the Roman Church nor the Order of Jesus had given or received a blessing in this last of their great missionary enterprises to our country. As for the Hudson Bay Company, it was proved before all the world of onlookers to have done one stroke of "good business" too much!

Such open punishments, such open shame in the face of the world is not the worst misfortune that can befall an organization. The Roman Church whose priests, on this occasion, by their ignorance, served it so ill must not be judged as therefore unfit to carry on the cause of missions. Who knows what yet may be in store for that great Missionary Society, which once led the world in devotion and courage and humility!

Nor should we onlookers judge the policy of the Hudson Bay Company so harshly as to blind ourselves to the business methods which we as a nation stand for to-day before the world. The "good business" of that ancient company is very like our own "good business" in this year of 1911-12.

Ask the missionaries how much our methods of making money in the world and at home help men to believe in Jesus Christ!

Ask yourself if our great American trade motto: "Buy at the lowest and sell at the highest," can be made to fit in any sense with the law of God: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

NOTES ON THE OREGON TRAIL

What is No Man's Land is Every Man's Land. The first to come gets first choice, but the last to hold out is the real possessor. Three European nations claimed our Northwest:—Spain, by right of discovery; France, by right of exploration; England, by right of conquest.

Spain, by 1820, had let go. Whatever claims she may have had fell to Mexico with California.

Long before this, in 1804, France, had parted with her claim to the United States of America for a consideration of \$15,000,000. Napoleon and Thomas Jefferson made this bargain. Napoleon needed the money to arm France for an invasion of England; and he offered the Mississippi Valley and all the French towns from the lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, with the Northwest thrown in; that is, all the land north of Texas, New Mexico and Arizona, and west of the Mississippi River comprised the purchase,—California and part of Utah and Nevada being excepted. It was a pretty good bargain! The amusing part of it was that at the time Congress grumbled a good deal about ratifying it.

Soon after the appropriation was made for the purchase money, and before the French governors and officials of New Orleans, St. Louis, and the other towns had all of them handed over their commands to the Americans, the President had dispatched two army officers, Captains Lewis and Clark, with a small escort and several guides to explore the land north of St. Joseph on the Missouri River in a westerly direction until they reached the Pacific.

Very little was known about the Pacific coast north of California. The English had coasted along those western shores several times in the 16th, 17th and 18th centuries and yet had failed to find what remained to an American to discover in 1792—the mouth of the great Columbia River! Captain Gray of Boston, the discoverer, had planted the United States flag on the shores of the river, and even before the French purchase it was regarded as United States property.

Lewis and Clarke were directed by the government to make, if possible, a junction with the Columbia River as near its source as was navigable, and follow it to the ocean. It was supposed at that time that this water route via the Missouri and the Columbia, was the only possible land way of reaching the Pacific coast, except by the Santa Fé and lower California route through Spanish and Mexican lands and across the deserts. The Rocky

Mountains, so long regarded as unsurmountable barriers, threatened to cleave the tide of immigration which the great West was soon to receive, into two widely separated streams. Indeed it is quite conceivable that if a wagon trail had been found an impossibility over the Rockies there would have been no settlement of the Northwest from the United States; for the Lewis and Clark expedition proved that the journey up the Missouri, even for men used to hardships, was too dangerous and difficult to be undertaken lightly. And although the two officers reported a great country and wonderful rivers on the west side of the Great Divide it was looked upon as at best a region for hunters and trappers.

Indeed neither the United States Government nor that of Great Britain were much more enlightened for a long time after this. Had they been so the question of boundaries would not have remained unsettled so long after Lewis and Clark had returned from that now famous journey. The people who really did know, were the agents of the Hudson Bay Fur Company, and the French half-breeds whom the Company sent out to gain a hold over the Indians who wandered in savage hordes over the land, and upon whose childish ignorance the factors and agents traded to bring them in their largest gains.

It was natural that they should regard any settlement of that great hunting-ground by the citizens of another government as a calamity. An attempt on the part of John Jacob Astor, merchant, of the City of New York, to found a fur agency at the mouth of the Columbia at a settlement which he named Astoria, had given the Hudson Bay Company considerable trouble to suppress. In order that no other rivals should bother them the Company encouraged a kind of surly incivility among the so-called bourgeois, or half-breed factors, who ruled the Company forts. This incivility they were encouraged to show towards all traders or settlers.

These forts extended down as far as the river Laramie in Colorado, and along the Columbia to Walla Walla in the west, and eastward to the Great Lakes. By the year 1846 the Company employed fifty-five officers and five-hundred and thirteen agents, had twenty-three forts with three great trading centres, and ran two large steamers along the Pacific coast from Mexico to Russian America. Their agents represented what little civilization there was from Fort Laramie to Sacramento City.

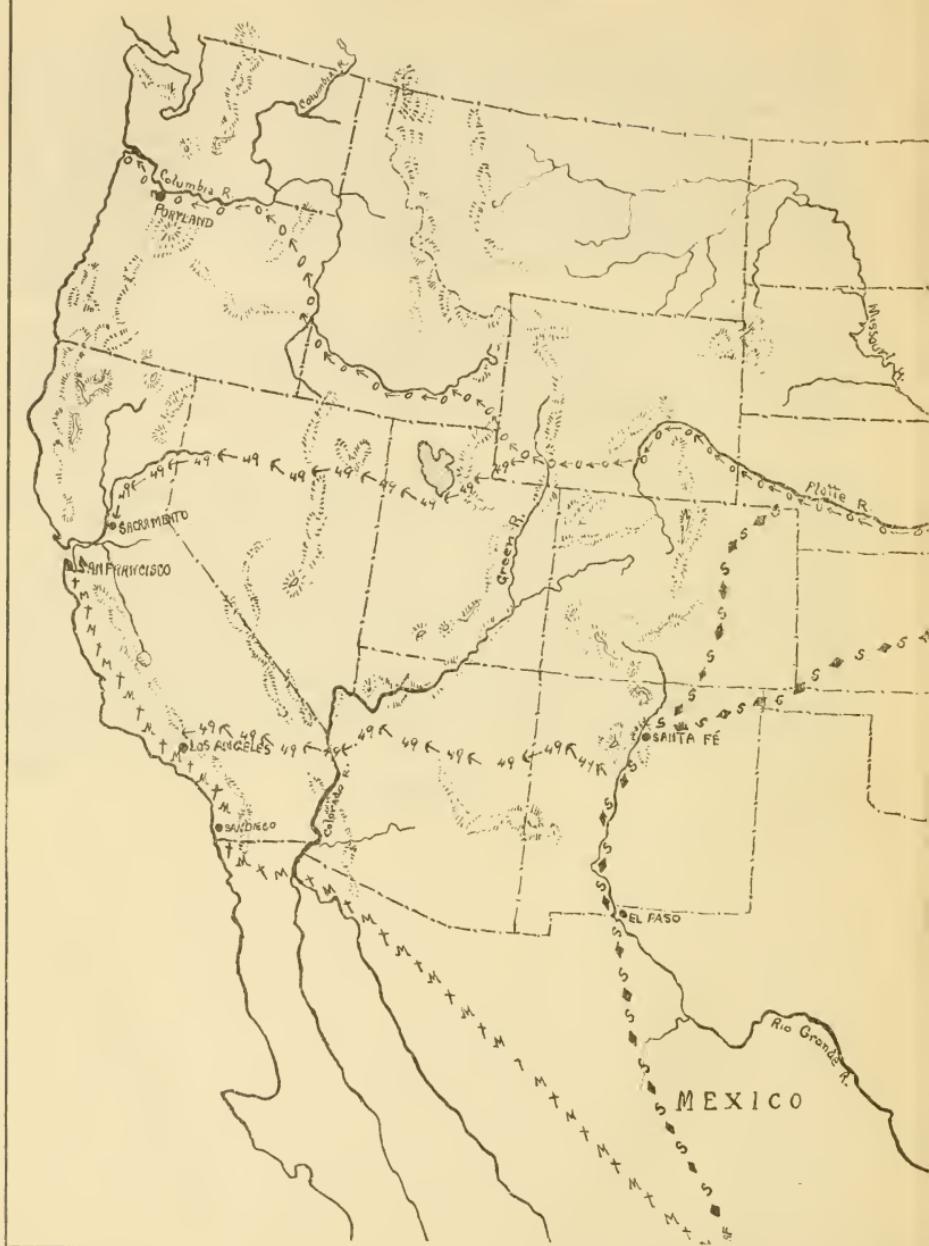
It will be plain to any observer that no great secret about the value of the Northwest was hid from them. The wonder is that for twenty-five years after Lewis and Clark had made their surveys of this great purchase of the United States these English fur merchants should have kept the gateway to so

vast a possession closed, and that too by the simplest of all devices. They pointed with lack-lustre eyes at the great mountains a hundred miles away, rising snow-capped and terrible in the still air. "No thoroughfare!" said they with a shrug, and went about their affairs. And the wornout travellers, discouraged by the long journeys across endless prairies, and unforgettable deserts, remembering their escapes from turbulent rivers and treacherous quicksands, unnerved by the constant teasing depredations of the Indians, could only look at the distant Rockies rising sheer and awful across the path, and acquiesce.

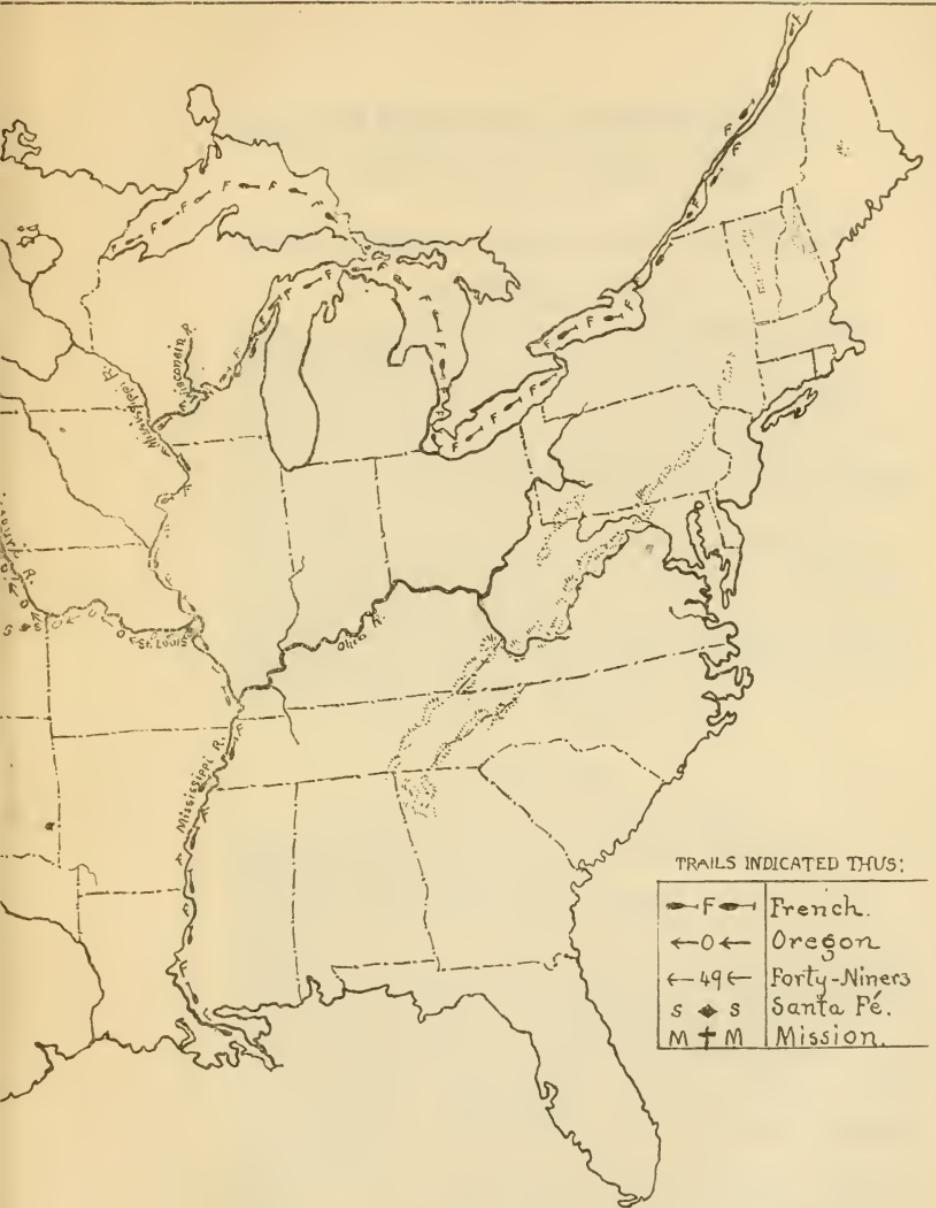
From Fort Laramie there was a well-worn trail down to Sarcamento in California, and another down through Colorado to the old Santa Fé trail which branched off to the southern route to California. It was along these trails that the Hudson Bay agents pointed their unwelcome guests for a whole generation.

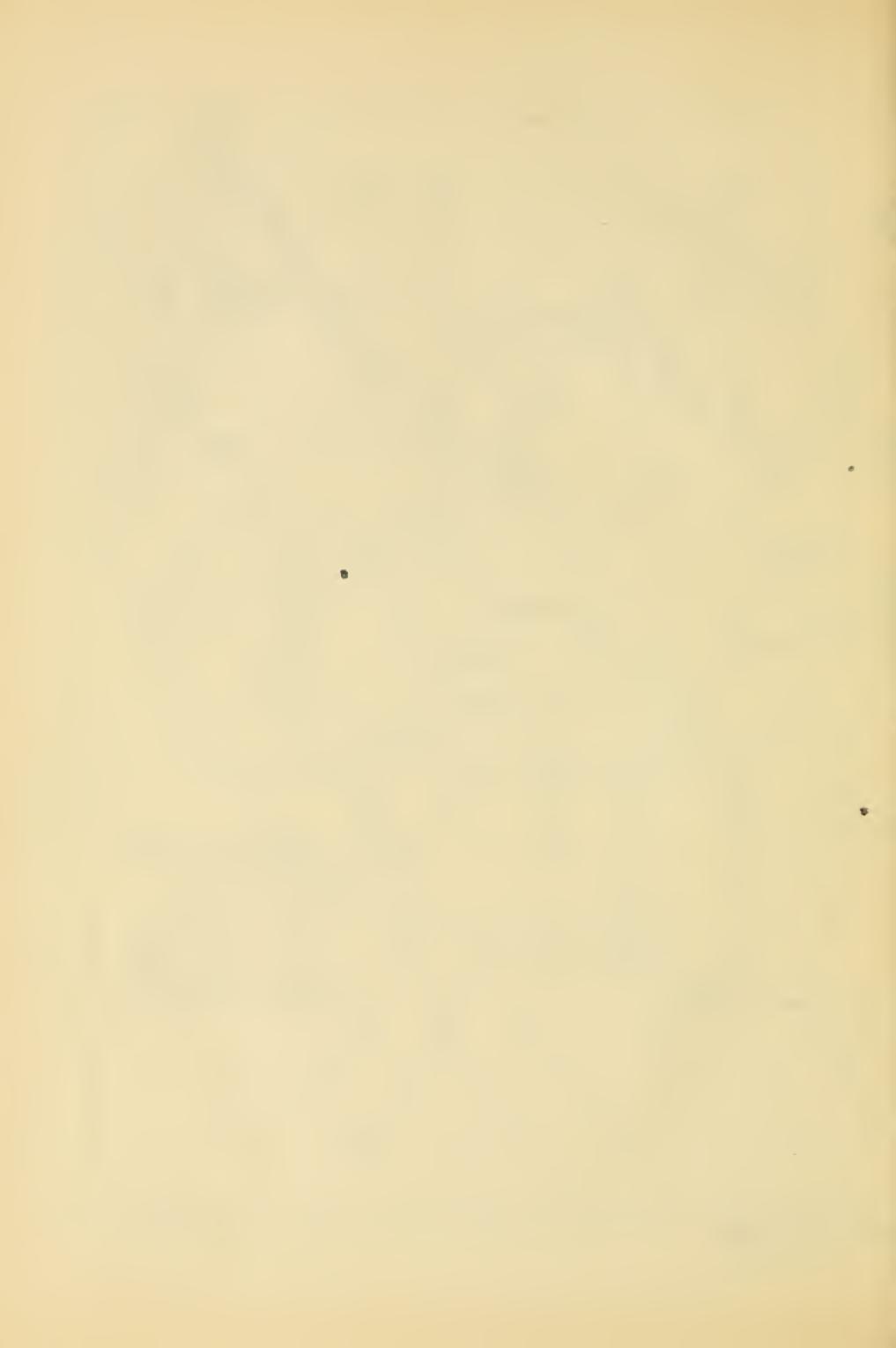
Looking back on the thing now it seems not unlike a huge game of chess played by unseen powers. What it would have meant to us as a nation and as a country to have lost the Northwest it is difficult to say; what it would have meant to England to possess it, it is also difficult to say. But that God in His wisdom meant it to be part of the United States is now singularly plain, for the change was brought about naturally, not by the designs of diplomats, not through the contending powers of two greedy nations, but rather in spite of the indifference of two nations and of their statesmen, without wars, and by the most unlooked-for means and the most unknown and unexpected agencies! A pawn, checkmating a king! A country doctor—"by faith removing mountains!"

THE END.



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